Earth First!

Mabon **Vol. XVI, No. VII**

September 21, 1996 **THE *RADICAL* ENVIRONMENTAL JOURNAL** **$3.50**

Fight Factory Fishing

BY JEANNE PATTON

American corporate fishing practices are devastating ocean ecosystems. To end these destructive practices and move toward small-scale sustainable fishing, Greenpeace has launched a campaign to ban the US fleet of factory trawlers. Factory trawlers are industrial-scale fishing vessels capable of catching as much as 400 tons of fish per tow. On August 15 in Seattle, Washington, Greenpeace released the report *Sinking Fast* which details the environmental damage caused by factory trawlers. This was followed by a day of direct action to bear witness to this environmental atrocity.

Sinking Fast explains how factory trawling fleets have transformed the fishing trade into a globalized extraction industry dominated by multinational corporations and industrial economies of scale. Factory trawlers use nets with openings two miles in circumference and catch an enormous amount of incidental species (bycatch) each year. In 1994, factory trawlers threw overboard, dead, more than half a billion pounds of fish because they were the wrong sex, size or species.

The US factory trawling fleet did not exist prior to 1983. It currently consists of approximately 60 vessels. Most are based in Seattle and fish the North Pacific. They represent less than one percent of all US commercial fishing boats over five registered tons, yet by the early 1990s their annual catch was well over a million tons of groundfish off the coast of Alaska alone and accounted for 21 percent of the total US catch.

This environmental tragedy isn't being perpetrated by a developing nation desperate for cash. This is an American fleet, backed by Norwegian and

continued on page 29

photo by Tim Crosby/Greenpeace

These folks were locked down in a human chain in the water for about nine hours. BRRRRR!!!!

London Freeway Reclaimed

Pneumatic drills hit the road

BY ARTHUR THOMAS

We are not going to demand anything. We are not going to ask for anything. We are going to take. We are going to occupy.

Billed as a "Festival Of Resistance" and "the only 'party' worth having," London Reclaim The Streets' third street party lived up to its promises. At its peak, upwards of eight thousand people occupied the M41 near Shepherds Bush transforming the country's smallest motorway into the biggest, freest, most spectacular street party yet!

Thousands of partygoers had gathered only minutes past the noon meeting time on July 13. Leaflets were distributed asking people to "follow those with pink armbands" and to "expect the unexpected." At 12:30 pm, word spread that it was time to go and a three hundred-strong critical mass set off, while the main group, aided by undercover organizers, moved underground to the westbound Central Line. Fourteen stops and six packed tube trains later the crowd emerged at Shepherds Bush, where the police, until this point content with surveillance, blocked off the entrance to the M41 roundabout. Some people, unsure if this was the actual site, began partying here.

At the opposite end of the motorway the blockade crew, aware that people had arrived, decided to go for it. Outmaneuvering police spotters, they made it onto the road. Two cars were theatrically crashed to block the road and three tripods were erected across the southbound carriageway. At the foot of the convoy, two sound system vehicles drove on, chased by dozens of police on foot.

continued on page 31

Cove/Mallard ¡Victories! Warner North

BY STEVE DAVIS

On September 12, 1996 the Idaho Sporting Congress (ISC) entered into an agreement with the Forest Service, a federal judge and Shearer Lumber to halt all logging and road construction on all timber sales in the Cove/Mallard area until June 15, 1997. The agreement came on the morning Federal Magistrate Larry Boyles was to hear the Sporting Congress' motion for a preliminary injunction that would have resulted in a virtual shutdown of logging in the area. As ISC attorney Mark Fink put it, "It may not be a victory in the books, but it is a victory on the ground. No trees will be cut!"

It is a clear example of how direct action and litigation (lowbaggers and lawyers) can work together. The actions on the Jack road this summer stalled the logging long enough for the attorneys to do their stuff. Without the road blockades, the Jack Sale could easily have been clearcut by now, making the court proceedings pointless.

The ISC will still press forward this fall with their suit to force the Nez Perce National Forest administrators into writing a Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement. But, in the interim, the area has been spared from the chainsaws, bulldozers and belly dumpers, and Jack, even though scarred by a couple of miles of road, is still standing.

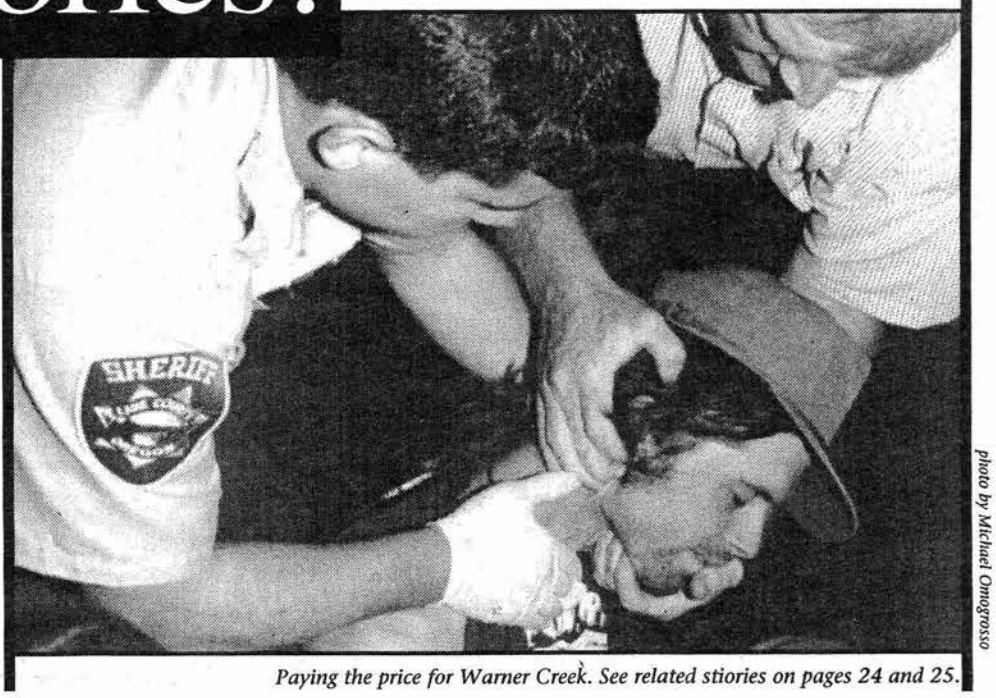

photo by Michael Omogrosso

Paying the price for Warner Creek. See related stiories on pages 24 and 25.

EARTH FIRST!

NO COMPROMISE IN THE DEFENSE OF MOTHER EARTH!

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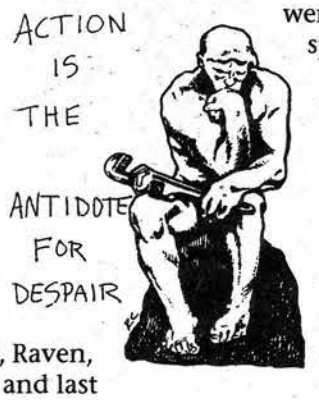
Unsquashable

A few weeks ago, I experienced the lowest point in my activist tenure. Standing along French Creek in central Idaho at the bottom of one of the Salmon-Selway's finest canyons, I watched helplessly as Boise Cascade whisked away, clump by clump, the prime connecting corridor of the French Creek/Patrick Butte roadless area. Particularly gruesome was the recognition that I hadn't fought hard enough to prevent its desecration. It's a battle I fought half-assed and lost wholly. Whatever lessons I may have learned seem irrelevant at the moment.

In the days between that morning and this, all three Lugnusadh *Journal* front page road blockades have been overrun. The Freddies have flexed their muscles and quashed the micro-revolutions of the Wild Rockies, Sucker Creek and Cascadia Free States. Bastards!



And until August 17, I was feeling pretty defeated. That night I showed up, late, to a vigil for the Warner Women. The four women arrested, known endearingly to us as Hemlock, Raven, Lupine and Madrone Cascadia, were the first and last line of defense in Warner Creek when the Freddies finally made their showing with a D-9 bulldozer, a grader, dump trucks and a whole heap of machismo. They held their positions on the road for eight hours in the face of threats, intimidation and abuse. No fucking around. Those women epitomize the essence of Earth First!

That night 40 of their friends, fellow Cascadians, sympathetic townspeople and outraged journalists gathered for a second time outside the Lane County Jail. A few banged drums, one played flute, lots howled. The crowd slunk a lap around the jail, chanting, "Free the Warner Women!" Just before coming full circle, a face appeared from a window of a cell. It was Lupine.

The vigil erupted into one of the most spirited and inspiring scenes I have ever witnessed. Everyone applauded, people sang, danced, cheered. A dog was hoisted to the window to greet the honored inmate. One by one, people approached the narrow slat of thick glass and touched it. Lupine smiled for each emotional supporter who came forward. There was a profound understanding between her fellow activists and her—she was in there for them, they were outside for her. Fort Warner was gone, but the spirit of Cascadia Free State is alive and thriving.

On the Noble Road, in the heart of the once unroaded wild country of Cove/Mallard, a few shivering people are still swinging picks. There's no glamour there, no dazzling media bait—just a few zealots and eight miles of logging road. In fact, there's no illusion that ditches and holes will prevent the Freddies from escorting Shearer Lumber to the remaining cutting units. But there is a distinct gleam in the eyes of my friends as metal hits rock. The collision spits sparks into the night air and I can see my friends' eyes fixed on the road with a determination that far exceeds the task at hand. With each swing my friends are deconstructing a paradigm of dominion and building a movement of reclamation. Futility is irrelevant; these people are practicing liberation.

Sometime soon I'll sift through the lessons I learned from French Creek. Meanwhile, I'll rebuild my hope for our wild forests from the spirit of Cascadia and the handful of unrelenting warriors facing insurmountable odds in the Siskiyous and Wild Rockies. This isn't just what Earth First! is about; it's what Earth First! *is*. A movement is only as strong as the people who comprise it and, judging from these folks, this one is raging.

—Darryl Echt

ALL THE ANSWERS

Cover Photo Caption: No this man is not a Green Ranger or any kind of eco-terrorist, as Earth First!ers are so often labeled. He is one of two US Marshals who were requested by the US Forest Service to assist in the raid on the Jack Squat Road Blockade (see article page 8).

The weapon he is brandishing is a convertible automatic/semi-automatic AR-16 assault rifle.

This spring and summer has seen a creeping escalation of Forest Service violence. Pain holds, or as the USFS euphemistically calls them, "compliance" holds, have been used against protesters as a matter of routine in the past year. Armed guards are being seen more frequently, as well. Is it psychological warfare or are they trying to incite something?

Earth First is completely betrothed to nonviolence. (How many ways can we say it before we run out of verbs?) Our protests have never warranted breaking out the arsenal in any mercenary's wildest, bloodiest wet dream. That the authorities are pretending to need guns would be laughable if bullet holes were funny, but they along with guns are not. Read your protest history.

Howls and Yaps: Check out our new column, "Wolves and Poodles," on page 4. We'll dis and give propers every issue. Please send in your nominations.

Au Revoir: We'd like to say, "Sayonara" to Miss Demeanor. It seems she was kidnapped by a gang of not-so-proper Amazons and reportedly has fallen in love with her kidnappers. She was last seen eschewing all responsibility.

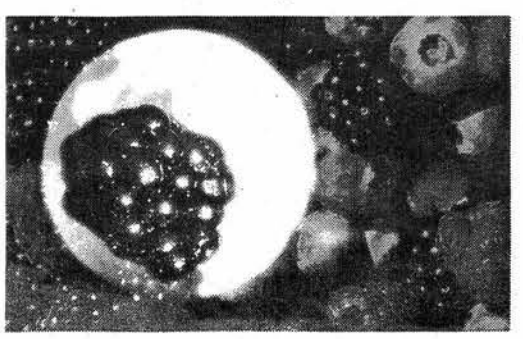
$$$$$$$$$$$$: Get the hint? Hey people, the *Journal* is going broke. We may go into the red for the first time this year. You can help by selling out, oops I mean buying out, our new merchandise catalogue in the centerfold. And the next time you're thinking of eating out, fast and buy a subscription to the *Journal* instead

—*LH*

Mabon

BY PEGGY SUE MCRAE

The autumnal equinox is called Mabon (rhymes with the popular Jamaican greeting "Hey, Mon") and is also the blackberry moon. Forests laden with sweet jewel-like fruit tempt bears, chipmunks and hominids to gather riches before the coming winter. Blackberry wine, preserves and pies prove once again that life is sweet.



Gratitude to Mama Earth for continuing to lavish her gifts on even her most delinquent offspring is in order. What have you done for her lately? Within the pages of this *Journal* you may find some worthy suggestions.

The most basic form of gratitude is joy—simple appreciation for the sweet abundance of life. To that end I offer you my blue ribbon blackberry pie recipe: 1) pick a bucket of blackberries; 2) rinse them off and set half of them aside; 3) in a saucepan, cook half of the berries with honey and cornstarch until thick; 4) put uncooked berries into already cooked pie shell and pour cooked berries over them; 5) cool until firm. Life is sweet.

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Submissions are welcomed and should be typed or clearly printed. Send a SASE if you would like them returned. If you want confirmation of receipt of a submission, please request it. We encourage submissions on Macintosh disks or via e-mail. Art or photographs (prints are best, negatives are good, slides are fair) are desirable to illustrate articles and essays. They will be returned if requested.

All submissions are edited for length and clarity. If an article is significantly edited, we will make a reasonable effort to contact the author prior to publication.

ISSN 1055-8411 *Earth First! Journal* is indexed in the Alternative Press Index. The *Earth First! Journal* is recorded on microfilm by University Microfilms, Inc.

All correspondence regarding subscriptions, merchandise orders, donations, letters to the editor, articles, photos, graphics, etc., should be directed to:

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SCHEDULE

Earth First! Journal is published 8 times a year on the solstices, equinoxes, and cross-quarter days on or about November 1, December 21 (Winter Solstice), February 2, March 21 (Vernal Equinox), May 1, June 21 (Summer Solstice), August 1, and September 21 (Autumnal Equinox). One-year subscriptions in the US via third class mail are $25. First class delivery is $35. Outside the US, surface delivery is $35 and airmail is $45. Corporate and law enforcement rate is $45.

Deadline for the next issue is:

October 10

Bill and Bob Make Me Want to Ralph (and Winona)

The following is the text of a speech given by Winona LaDuke in St. Paul, MN, on August 29. LaDuke is Ralph Nader's Vice Presidential running mate.

Aniin indinawaymuginitook. Niin gagwe gitimaagis noongom. Beenaysikwe indigo, idash, Winona LaDuke indizhinikaaz, Makwa niin dodaem. Gahwah bah bahnikaag ishkoniginiing indoojibaa. Miigwetch, Mazinnaggain ininiwug, Miigwetch indinawaymugunitook.

I am here to announce today that it is with great honor that I am joining with Ralph Nader and the Green Party in a national effort in this presidential campaign. I will be his vice presidential running mate.

As Mr. Nader has previously stated, we intend to stand with others around this country as the catalyst for the creation of a new model of electoral politics; not to run any campaign. This will be a campaign for democracy waged by private citizens who choose to become public citizens.

I am not inclined toward electoral politics. Yet I am impacted by public policy. I am interested in reframing the debate on the issues of this society—the distribution of power and wealth, the abuse of power and the rights of the natural world, the environment and the need to consider an amendment to the US Constitution in which all decisions made today will be considered in light of their impact on the seventh generation from now. That is, I believe, what sustainability is all about. These are vital subjects which are all too often neglected by the rhetoric of "major party" candidates and the media.

I believe that decision making should not be the exclusive right of the privileged; that those who are affected by policy—not those who by default often stand above it—should be heard in the debate. It is the absence of this voice which unfortunately has come to characterize American public policy and the American political system.

As most of you probably know I live and work on the White Earth reservation in northern Minnesota, the largest reservation in the state in terms of population and land base. And as most of you know—in terms of recent political and legal struggles—the site of a great deal of citizen activism and change in recent months. That is how I view myself, as a citizen activist. Yet I find that as small and rural as is my area of the northwoods, as small as my pond, the decisions made in Washington still affect me. And it is that fact, that decisions made by others, people who have never seen my face, never seen our lakes, never tasted our wild rice or heard the cry of a child in Ponsford have come to impact me and my community. I am here to say that all people have the right and responsibility to determine their destiny and I do not relinquish this right to PACs, to lobbyists and to decision makers who are far away.

When you live in one of the poorest sections of the country and in the State of Minnesota, you are able to understand, perhaps better, the impact of public policy. It is indeed my contention that there is no real quality of life in America until there is quality of life in the poorest regions of this America.

For instance over half of the American Indians on my reservation live in poverty. This represents five times the state average. Of particular concern is that nearly two-thirds of the children on my reservation live in poverty. Also 90 percent of the children in female-headed households live in impoverished conditions. Median family income on my reservation is just slightly above half the state average for median income. Per capita income is at the same level. Unemployment on the reservation is at 49 percent, according to recent Bureau of Indian Affairs statistics. And nearly one-third of all Indians on the reservation have not attained a high school diploma. Finally it is absolutely critical to note that approximately 50 percent of the population on the reservation is under 25 years of age, indicating that these problems will need to be addressed over the long term.

What does that mean in the larger picture? Let me give you some examples.

Welfare reform legislation. This is the nation leading the world in terms of number of people in poverty. There are some nine million children in this country in poverty. Welfare reform eliminates the safety net for those children. Now let me tell you about some real people. Native Americans are the poorest people in the country. Four out of 10 of the poorest counties in the nation are on Indian reservations. This is the same as White Earth. My daughter's third grade class, with few exceptions, is below the poverty level. The only choice those parents have with any hope—with 45 percent unemployment—is to work at the casino at about six bucks an hour. With two parents working and paying child care expenses makes them ostensibly the working poor. Not much different than being in poverty. So my friends, a family of seven who live in a two-bedroom trailer down the road from me—a fifteen-year-old trailer—on Aid to Families with Dependent Children have few options under the new welfare reform plan. I will not stand by mute as the safety net is taken away from those children and that third grade class.

Environmental policy. This is a long list.

WTI Incinerator is a hazardous incinerator in East Liverpool, Ohio, located less than 1,000 feet from a school. It was visited by Al Gore in 1992 where he pledged if elected, it would not open. It did.

Endangered species. Bill Clinton said in 1992 that he would not allow a weakening of the Endangered Species Act, yet he signed an appropriations bill in 1994 that prohibits any funds to be used to uplist or list any species under the ESA. This put a freeze on any action on over 1,000 species that are waiting to be listed under the act.

Our forests. The salvage rider. Clinton vetoed the first version of this, then signed it the second time when it was attached to an appropriations bill for the Oklahoma City bombing victims, later claiming that he never thought the timber industry could use it to get around the laws. Salvage available for future harvest in the northern Rockies alone is equivalent to 237,000 logging trucks full of trees. Nationally, 900,000 logging trucks full of trees. Allowable cuts are now acceptable under headings like "winter injury," "poor vigor," "old age," and "to realize forest productivity"—broad and subjective terminology.

continued on page 7

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A Voice Crying Out from the Rocking Chair

Dear SFB,

Apparently, me and my cronies have gotten old and in the way. But if you can believe this, way back when (you were probably in middle school), we were all sorts of young and radical. In those days there used to be this "Old Guard" in Earth First!—big, scary white men in cowboy hats who ate hamburgers by the truckload and got teary-eyed about the American flag. They used to call us hippies and leftists, and wouldn't go camping unless they could bring a portapotty along. Well we got rid of them, all right. Now they're all retired and tell the same old stories over and over about how they were buckaroos and how important conservation biology is.

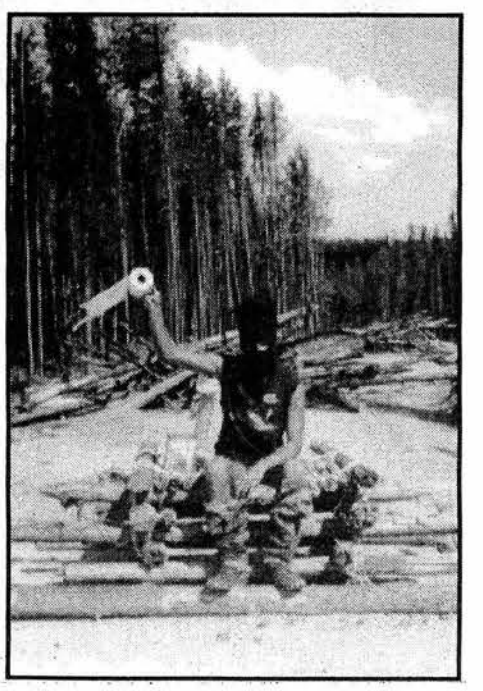
But now I guess we better get them to shove over so we can sit next to 'em by the stove, cause the young folks want to take charge, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks. I know this because I read in the *Earth First! Journal* ("Diversity Rules," Lugnuts, 1996) that having your hair in dreadlocks, getting every nubbin on your body pierced, and wearing a ski mask can stop timber sales, but I can't understand how.

There are whole affinity groups of Earth First!ers who don't know this yet—some have short hair and some don't even wear black clothes (I even saw one fella still wearing a cowboy hat)! A lot of us "Middle Guard" have always figured that wearing masks at civil disobedience actions and calling yourself Snapdragon or something was silly. Masks are hot. And I always use the name my mom and dad gave me; that way I don't have to think too hard about what's the right name for me. I've tried different names before but people kept confusing me with my dog.

I don't care if the Freddies know who I am. I've ripped up the road at Warner Creek and at Cove/Mallard, too. I've pulled up a few survey stakes in my time, been locked down and violated closure orders left and right. And my name is Robby Freres. It doesn't matter what the authorities think. But then maybe folks who are worried about hurting their future career options might not want to be identified. You'd never pass that background check with the corporation. If I had a trust fund I wouldn't want to jeopardize it by my folks finding out what I was doing either.

I learned about another new tactic when I went down to Warner Creek the other day when the blockade was busted. I talked to this Freddy who told me of the serious and nasty stink of one protester he had to deal with. He was kind of embarrassed to tell me about it, too. I never thought there was anything radical about being unwashed—just disgusting. I always figured that smelling to high heaven meant you were filthy, and that's not good for you. Salmon creek is just down the hill from the blockade at Warner and people drove

continued on page 32



Cascadia Contagion Runs Rampant

BY BEER NUT

Fallers coming up to the Horse Byars timber sale on August 6 were perplexed to find logs, rocks and other debris blocking US Forest Service Road 701. Unable to fathom how the stuff seemed to have fallen at such a perfect angle to the road, they shrugged their shoulders and hefted it off to the side. Further up the road they found odd sculptures—rocks arranged in geometric patterns, strange pagan symbols, sticks propped up by rocks pointing straight at their hearts.... Perplexed but undaunted they continued up the road, until they found rocks (arranged directly beneath a concealed Watchdog position), spelling out three letters: **CFD**

"Oh shit," one yelled, "there could be hundreds of 'em!"

Forest Service Law Enforcement, Freddies, found 11 Cascadia Forest Defender "Nuts" and their *piece de resistance*—a 1967 Ford Thunderbird, *sans* tires and passenger seat, embellished with a small hole in the floorboard, directly over a very large chunk of cement and rebar buried in the road. They also found banners, colorful art on the doors, a two-thousand pound barrel, and of course, Cashew, Acorn, X-nut and Lugnut Cascadia (cousins by marriage) locked down.

Deeply disturbed by the political overtones of our art, and beset by their own deep-seated postmodern angst, the Freddies immediately set to work on a more deconstructionist/minimalist interpretation, bringing along front loaders, bulldozers, dogs and even the local sheriff's department, providing a distinctly gothic atmosphere. Everyone who wasn't locked down, including the video support, was driven off by some unusually aggressive behavior on the part of the Freddie Olympic Sprinting Team. A federal closure order, which was neither posted nor delivered until late in the evening, kept the media and any other interested observers far away from the area.

Without the protection of friends or cameras, activists locked down to the barrel and Batmobile were threatened with felonies, had suncover, food and water taken from them, and were subjected to a variety of physical and emotional abuse, including pain compliance holds (torture). Cashew Cascadia, clipped into the Dragon underneath the Batmobile was literally hog-tied by his three free limbs and forced into a fetal position in such a way that all the weight of his body came down on his shoulder and wrist, buried in concrete. He and the others held out until the circulation in Cashew's swollen arm had been almost completely cut off; he then unlocked around 6 pm. Freddie rounded out his evening by harassing the activists who had not been arrested. One activist was illegally detained, questioned and threatened with arrest for "stealing evidence" from the protest site—despite the fact that other law enforcement officers had observed him standing at the entrance to the road closure; *outside the closure*, all day.

Horse Byars, comprising over 5.7 million board feet (mmbf), is one of a half-dozen or more timber sales in the Detroit Ranger District of the Williamette National Forest, east of Salem, Oregon. The sale is surrounded by clearcuts from the 50's, 60's, and 70's that, because of long winters, extremely thin soils and steep slopes, have never been successfully replanted. The Detroit District is well-known for its miles of washouts, road failures, landslides and moonscape reforestation projects.

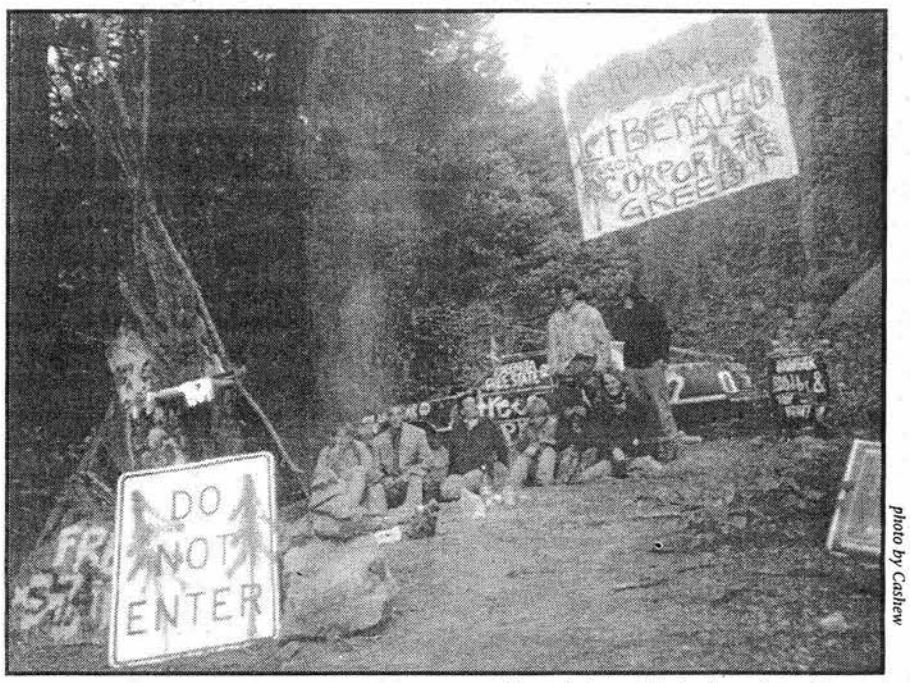


photo by Cashew

The artists and their piece de resistance

Horse Byars and the other sales in the area, including Red 90, French Marten and Sphynx, are drawing widespread criticism for their impact on the North Santiam watershed from which Salem, the capital of Oregon, gets its water. Last winter's heavy flooding forced Salem officials to shut down the water system because of silt and sedimentation pollution directly attributable to logging operations upstream. Local residents were forced to drink imported bottled water in a state that prides itself (and sells itself to water-hogging computer chip plants) as the capital of pure and abundant water.

The Forest Service has ignored resolutions passed by the Salem City Council condemning commercial logging in the headwaters of the Santiam for its adverse effects on drinking water, as well as the possible ramifications on the computer, fishing and tourist industries. The USFS has just recently announced that it will go ahead with the Sphynx timber sale despite the Council's 5-to-4 decision to oppose this sale. The 14 million board feet of Sphynx, one of the largest Option 9 sales ever, will be auctioned next month. The French Marten sale calls for cutting 3 mmbf of ancient forest, despite unanimous opposition from both the city's public works staff and the City Council. Salem Mayor Roger Gertenrich has publicly declared that if "they choose to cut that [French Marten], they are saying that they don't care about the city of Salem."

Horse Byars has graphically demonstrated the three elements of the Forest Service's response to civil disobedience: closures to keep media witnesses away from lockdowns, harassment of activists engaged in legal activity, and physical and mental torture of activists engaged in non-violent direct action. The use of closures to break-up lockdowns was noted by Willamette National Forest Spokeswoman Leslie Habetler in the Salem *Statesmen Journal* who acknowledged that "There's no gain for us in allowing the media in or the public in." It's become increasingly clear that the effectiveness of lockdowns is severely diminished by the lack of reliable witnesses to prevent the routine of police of Mississippi, circa 1964, from being repeated. Witnessing abuse has been an important radicalizing force for mainstream weekend warriors.

Cascadia Forest Defenders and Southern Willamette Earth Firstlers were arrested alongside WALLers (Witness Against Lawless Logging) for blocking the road into Horse Byars on August 10, just inside the closure area. Two of the nine arrested on criminal trespass charges refused to give their names and went on a hunger strike to protest lawless logging for the three days they spent in the Marion County Correctional Facility. Two of the arrestees were put into spine-threatening compliance hold by Freddies who had warned us days before that, "If we ever catch you in the closure, you'll be sorry." After the action other protesters hung out at the Cascadia Forest Defenders base camp up the road—some took a few practice swings with a pick.

Red 90 is cut and gone, a lot of Horse Byars is lying on the ground, and the trees at Sphynx will not be vertical for much longer. Fred's Gestapo tactics have pissed a lot of people off, and it's time for our new friends (and the old crew, too) to put some serious dents in those roads.

Wolves... & Poodles

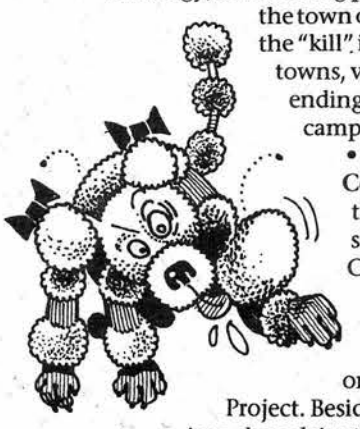
• A wild and howling **wolf** to **Greenpeace** for launching a campaign to ban factory trawlers (see article). Armed with supporting data, a clear and worthy focus, and feisty direct-actionists, they have taken the lead on a damned timely issue. Awawawooooooo!

• A majestic lone **wolf** to **Janine Africa**, MOVE prisoner, for orchestrating and implementing an aggressive recycling program in the Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania, hoosgow. It's inspiring to know her activism is irrepressible even in the face of unjust captivity.

• A gnarly and snarling **wolf** to beloved, or at least beknownst, balladeer **Willie Nelson**. Country music's grisliest crooner threatened to sue the Forest Service this summer over two timber sales named "Willy" and "Nelson." A letter from Nelson's lawyer complained that the Freddies "[were] using Nelson's first and last names to identify... a pair of timber sales that are desecrating invaluable cultural and burial sites and destroying pristine old-growth forests." The letter went so far as to demand Nelson receive a written apology for "having embarrassed him and tarnished his name by engaging in such thoughtless and reckless conduct." Rock on, Willie.

• An annoying, yapping little **poodle** to **John McCarthy and the Idaho Conservation League** for being, once again, suckered by the Boise Freddies into believing the Deadwood Timber Sale is a *good* thing. Idaho's largest conservation group is now endorsing Idaho's nastiest salvage sale. Yip yip.

• A mangy, ankle-biting **poodle** to **PETA** for expending resources to petition the town of Fishkill, New Jersey, to change its name. Turns out the "kill" in "Fishkill" is Dutch for stream, and that numerous towns, villages and streams throughout the area bear names ending in "kill." C'mon folks, pump that energy into your campaign against commercial fishing, why don't ya?



• A very rabid and nasty **poodle** to the **British Columbia Wildlife Federation** (an industry cult, though its name insinuates agency status) for its slanderous attack on bear advocacy organizations in Canada's western-most province. While a mainstream conservation group is peddling a citizens' initiative to ban trophy hunting of bears, the Federation has retaliated with a $500,000 assault on such radical groups as Bear Watch and the Grizzly Project. Besides the oh-so-five-minutes-ago accusation of terrorism, they claim these groups "are not interested in the conservation of bears or cougars or whatever." Pulease.

TOLLROAD CONSTRUCTION SITE DESURVEYED

BY THE SCRUBERATORS

Under an almost-full moon during the early morning hours of July 29, a group of southern California activists descended into Upper Chiquita Canyon in Orange County and followed the proposed path of the Foothill Toll Road extension. After removing over two miles of rope and more than 100 metal stakes, the activists emerged from the canyon and disappeared over the surrounding hillsides. Freeway construction workers, returning from a relaxing weekend, arrived just a few hours later and could almost swear that something was missing...

Tollroad History

Orange County, the nation's bastion of fascist righties and their stuccoed Mediterranean-style tract homes, was a rather pleasant place to live in the 1970s. However, in anticipation of tremendous population growth, three tollroads were secretly planned to accommodate increased traffic from new developments in the Orange County foothills. Yet, much to our develo-ticians' dismay, citizens voted against using tax dollars to finance construction of these roads. Well, a bunch of citizens aren't going to tell government officials what not to do, so in 1986 the California State Legislature formed the Transportation Corridor Agencies (TCA) to design and construct the three roads with "private" funds. The county Board of Schmoozervisors wanted these roads as much as their campaign-backing developers did—without roads, you can't destroy Orange County's last remaining wildlands with multi-thousand-home monuments to rich developers, right?

San Joaquin Hills Toll Road Update

After 16 months of lawsuits, bulldozer lockdowns, and demonstrations sometimes attended by over 1,000 protesters, a judge in 1995 allowed construction of the San Joaquin Hills Toll Road (SJHTR) through pristine coastal canyons and an ecological preserve.

Before this year's opening of a seven-mile segment of the SJHTR, the TCA sponsored a "Cruise the Corridor" celebration, complete with a 5K run, bike ride, food and the words "LAND RAPE" written in large letters with powdered chalk on a nearby hillside. A handful of protesters also arrived to contribute to the festive atmosphere. Activists and tollroad enthusiasts alike will party once again as the remaining eight miles of the SJHTR open in December.

The Foothill Toll Road

When completed next century, the Foothill Toll Road (FTR) will travel through thirty miles of foothills adjacent to the Cleveland National Forest, from Irvine to San Diego County. The first three-mile segment of the FTR opened in 1993, and months later, construction began on a four-mile extension. A crane sit and crane occupation could not stop the relentless construction of this road through O'Neill Regional Park and the Arroyo Trabuco riparian wilderness area. This second segment opened last year.

For the past year, the TCA has been planning its third extension of this road, a three-mile segment that would bisect Upper Chiquita Canyon and impact one of the county's largest populations of California gnatcatchers. This threatened songbird depends upon southern California's coastal sage scrub, a plant community that is home to over 100 endangered species and is considered to be one of the most imperiled habitats in the US. Two months ago, the TCA and a developer agreed to preserve 1,200 acres of scrub that was zoned for housing and a golf course. Sounds great, but this land wouldn't have been developed anyway *without* the tollroad being built to service it. Furthermore, the TCA will officially kill up to 35 pairs of gnatcatchers in the canyon and remove habitat of countless others while bisecting this new "wildlife preserve" with its own freeway. Welcome to Orange County's version of habitat protection!

Bulldozers were scheduled to enter Chiquita Canyon in August. Activists investigating the area in July quickly discovered evidence of survey crews—the entire route of the proposed extension had been freshly marked with heavy-duty yellow rope suspended from large iron stakes every 50 feet. It was agreed that this rope did nothing to enhance the natural beauty of the canyon and must be removed.

Rope Removal Creates Jobs!

The activists began from a hillside overlooking Chiquita Canyon, and after descending through dense coastal sage scrub, emerged at the future intersection of the FTR and the existing Oso Parkway. Under the constant barrage of glancing headlights and rumbling engines, the group worked its way northward, pulling stakes out of the ground and gathering the rope strung between. As they penetrated deeper into the serene canyon, the occasional passing vehicles were reduced to mere whispers and were eventually replaced by the reassuring howl of observing coyotes.

The activists halted their deconstruction on a hilltop overlooking the Rancho Santa Margarita community. They were not completely satisfied, however, until cement-in-a-tube was squeezed into several locks on access road gates leading into the construction zone. The moon turned orange as it tucked itself behind a hillside as the group returned to the city. Over 100 stakes had been removed and about 2.5 miles of rope was gathered along the proposed path of the tollway.

Next?

The local media were not impressed by our valiant efforts and made no mention of our action that was documented in press releases later that week. The TCA, trying not to let a bunch of wackos delay its project, began scraping *only* the coastal sage scrub from the canyon during the following week. One such bulldozer ignited a 100-acre brush fire, the second such fire "accidentally" started by tollway contractors in less than one year: Salvage arson with a southern California scrub twist!

Most people have acknowledged that the toll roads are a done deal in Orange County, but this does not mean that we can't have a little nighttime fun! The TCA should be in no hurry to lay off their security guards. Contact Orange County EF! for upcoming actions at POB 4960-593, Irvine, CA 92616.

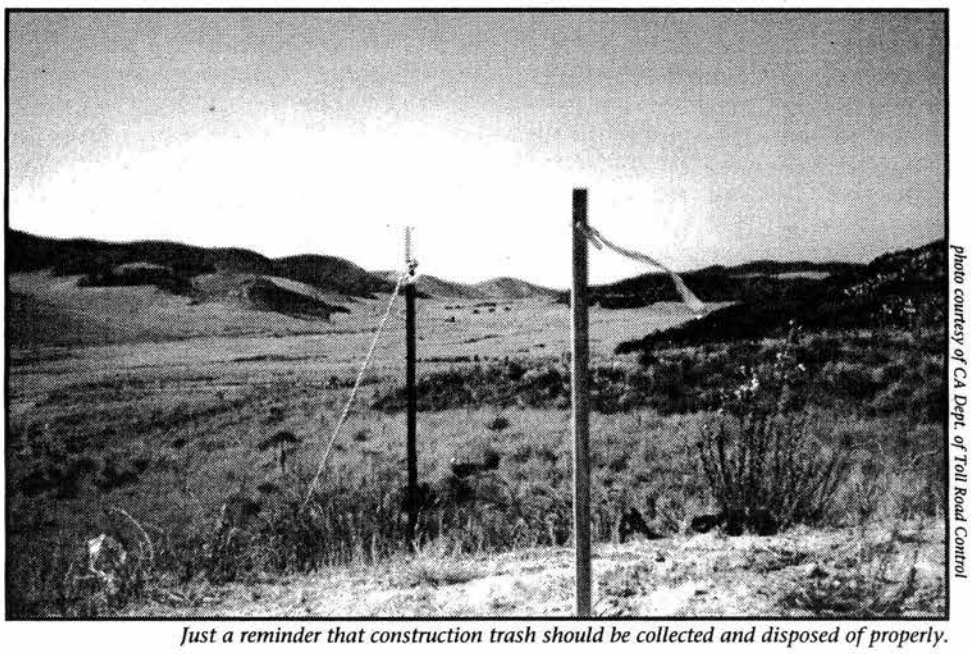


photo courtesy of CA Dept. of Toll Road Control

Just a reminder that construction trash should be collected and disposed of properly.

Radical Enviros in the South Targeted by FBI

BY KATUAH EF!, TENNESSEE VALLEY FACTION

Since early June, 1996, radical environmentalists and their supporters in the southeast have been harassed by agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The G-men claim they just want to talk with one individual. They called this individual's house in Asheville, North Carolina, then went to his place of work and questioned his employer. Then they went to his house to find him. This particular person just happens to have put his name on a Post Office box rented in 1994 to receive submissions for *Live Wild Or Die #6* (aka *Grow Food Or Die!*). Our hero was advised not to talk to the Feds without a lawyer. Since he had life plans and wasn't about to let the Gestapo interrupt them, he moved on.

In the middle of July, Special Agent Gary Kidder arrived on the doorstep of one of the infamous Katuah EF! flop houses in Chattanooga, Tennessee (sarcastically referred to as the World Revolutionary Headquarters and avoided by people who are anal retentive about cleanliness). While your humble author was not home, an inexperienced part-time activist/housemate and visiting experienced activists were. They were in the middle of an intense conversation about safety when the villain showed up to inquire about our hero. Unfortunately, SA Kidder began asking questions and engaging in dialogue designed to draw information from our less experienced, slightly naive and highly excitable housemate. He didn't know who or where our hero was, but held an informative conversation with the agent that could potentially be used to the Feds' advantage. Agent Kidder got my name through the questioning and began to call the house, lookin' to talk. He even came back the next day.

On the evening of the second visit, I called his voice mail, identified myself and said (truthfully), "I have no idea where so-and-so is and I have nothing more to say to you. If you want to carry this further we can make an appointment at my attorney's office. Thank you and have a nice day." SA Kidder has not come by or called since.

In late August, we heard that agents with the Gestapo's Atlanta office were intimidating our hero's parents with questions about harboring a fugitive. Well, of course our hero is not a fugitive, and it is quite obvious that this is harassment and intimidation straight from the COINTELPRO handbook. As this article is being written, our hero is seeking legal advice on how to resolve the matter.

During the various exchanges with the secret police, we learned that they want to question our hero about *LWOD*. They say they are interested in "something he may not even know he has" (to quote Kidder). I think that they think smilin' Ted or FC or whoever the Unabummer is sent stuff to *LWOD*. (Thank you, Barry Clausen, you schmuck.) Please note that our wayward housemate has been lectured, harangued—need I say *educated* to the perils of runnin' one's mouth to the secret police/FBI. He has been encouraged to read *If an Agent Knocks*, twice! The *EF! Journal* has a few left so we'd like to encourage y'all to read it as well.

Please remember the Arizona Five and Redwood Summer. Learn from those individuals and their experiences. Remember, the Olympics are over, and the Feds are bored. EF! is kickin' butt and raisin' hell all over the country and Judi Bari's lawsuit against the FBI has been successful so far, so we all should expect more of this kind of harassment in the future.

Keep up the good work, stay strong and, remember, the FBI is not your friend!

Native Sun Dance Defended

BY EF! WITNESSES FOR JUSTICE

Anpo is the Lakota word for daybreak and the name given to the Native American encampment located in the Tygh band's traditional homelands, also known as the Mount Hood National Forest in Oregon. Native people gather here for intertribal ceremonies, including the Sacred Sun Dance Ceremony, in order to preserve their culture. Anpo also provides the ground for a Native Youth Camp. Here, native youth gather to live and learn the traditional ways of their people.

After being systematically killed, the Tygh people were forced by the US government to sign over their 10 million-acre ancestral homelands with a ceded land transfer agreement in the 1850s. The agreement guaranteed the people the right to practice their religious and cultural ceremonies in designated areas. Anpo is one of these areas. In 1973, after Wounded Knee, the traditional elders of the Tygh band allowed the creation of Anpo through the guidance of Frank Fools Crow, Honorary Chief and Medicine Man of the Lakota people, and his adopted son, Devere Eastman. The Tygh band elders gave their permission and prayers for ceremonies to be held at Anpo. This land is now not only sacred to the Tygh band, but to hundreds of other Natives who have gathered here for ceremonies and to take part in the traditional way.

In 1982, a lease/permit had to be acquired from the Mt. Hood Forest Service in order for Anpo to "legally" exist. Since then, the Forest Service has callously disrupted the ceremonies at Anpo and continually harassed the Native people with ever-changing restrictions, demands and limitations set forth by this lease. Although the land is the Tygh's traditional ceded land, the people of Anpo have dealt with this conflict by meeting the requirements of the lease, to no avail. The exploitation and manipulation of the people and the land is being perpetuated with plans to extract "archeological findings" and log on site and throughout the entire area.

Already, the US government has conducted 12 archeological digs throughout the camp and Sun Dance grounds for "archeological findings" and they have helped log two units on the site. The government has been unwilling to release the information discovered by the archeological digs, so Anpo filed for this documentation through the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA). After the FOIA request, the Forest Service revoked the lease at Anpo (allegedly because a truck and a fire tool bus were left on the land over winter). Friends and family of Anpo sent letters and made phone calls to the government for the reinstatement of the lease. Fortunately, the lease was reinstated.

Soon after this incident, the people of Anpo discovered that the Forest Service had sold the timber rights for the forest of Anpo to Thomas Creek Lumber Company (the same company awarded and then unawarded the Warner Creek Salvage Sale). In the fall of 1995, the Forest Service went into the Sacred Ceremonial Grounds, marked all of the trees to be cut in the two Hazel timber sales, and allowed logging to begin in one of the sale units. Mountainous piles of slash were bulldozed out of the units and dumped directly against and along the main access road through Anpo in what was nothing more than an act of sheer hatred for the people and the land. Besides being an extreme fire hazard, these piles remain today as broken, dry and brutal reminders that Anpo truly is under siege.

In the spring of '96, the people of Anpo went to the Earth First! Peace Camp at Enola Hill. This camp was established to stop the logging of the sacred forest of Enola Hill which Native people have used as a vision quest sight. The people of Anpo invited Earth First! to help in the peaceful defense of the Sacred Ceremonial Grounds of Anpo from further desecration by the US government. In response to the people's appeal, Earth First!ers have come to Anpo to be "Witnesses for Justice." Anyone wanting to help is required to have complete recognition of nonviolent principles and respect for Anpo's sacred ceremonies and traditions.

Since last spring, Earth First!ers and the Native people of Anpo have been working together to protect the Sacred Sun Dance Grounds and the Native American cultural encampment of Anpo. The logging and archeological digging has not progressed because of the peaceful resistance of native people's groups and Earth First! As well, it has created an amazing coalition between activists and Native people working to defend this Earth from the outright destruction brought forth by greed and ignorance.

Logging was scheduled to begin at Anpo on August 15, yet there was a statewide ban on logging due to extreme fire hazard. This ban has been lifted and logging can begin any day now! This Sacred Site is not being cut for big profit. The Hazel timber sale only cost Thomas Creek $42,000! Clearly, this logging plan is nothing more than an outright attack on the spirituality of the Native people and an expansion of colonial tyranny and conquest. It is an attempt by the US government to destroy the powerful culture of the Native people. Any further desecration of the sacred grounds and sacred ceremonies must be stopped! For 500 years, colonists full of greed and ignorance have brought war, death and lies to the Native people in order to steal their land for profit. Now, the US government and corporations are conducting a direct attack on Native American spirituality here at Anpo. This genocide must end!

For more information please contact First Nations Survival Support Network, POB 42608, Portland, OR 97242; (503) 635-0460.

Mining Threatens Western Shoshone Hot Spring

The Dann family of the Western Shoshone Nation, the Western Shoshone Defense Project, and the Western Shoshone National Council(WSNC) are asking for your immediate assistance in protecting a site of cultural/spiritual significance.

Oro Nevada Mining Company has filed a Notice of Intent with the Bureau of Land Management(BLM) to conduct exploratory drilling for gold directly on top of a hot spring located approximately one mile south of the Dann ranch in Crescent Valley, Nevada. The drilling was scheduled to start in early September and could extend through December. The Danns and the WSNC have informed the BLM and the mining company that the hot spring and the surrounding area is extremely important spiritually and culturally and requested that it not be disturbed by mining activity. In response to this request, Oro Nevada has repeatedly misled Western Shoshone representatives and moved forward with their exploration plans. Past exploratory drilling has destroyed other hot springs in the area. The hot spring adjacent to the Dann ranch is especially vulnerable because of its low flow. The intrusion of mining activity onto this sacred area represents an attack on freedom of religion, a right guaranteed by the United States Constitution. Public pressure must be applied to force the BLM and Oro Nevada to respect the rights of the Western Shoshone and preserve their cultural sites.

The US Constitution states that treaties, agreements between sovereign nations, are the supreme law of the land. The 1863 Treaty of Ruby Valley between the US and the Western Shoshone Nation remains in effect, affirming the sovereign status of the Western Shoshone and recognizing the boundaries of their territory. The destruction of cultural sites and water sources was clearly not intended to be permitted through the Treaty of Ruby Valley. Oro Nevada's activities fall within the boundaries of the Western Shoshone Nation and violate the intent of the Treaty and the US Constitution.

Oro Nevada Mining Company first appeared in the Crescent Valley area in early spring 1996, staking claims on most of the so called public lands surrounding the Dann ranch. In July 1996 Oro Nevada purchased the neighboring Dean Ranch, 48,276 acres of private land spread across Dann's traditional use area. In total, Oro Nevada controls over 94,000 acres of land in the Crescent Valley area. The company is completely owned by Oro Nevada Resources Inc. of Toronto, Ontario Canada and is selling stock through the MVP Capitol Corporation, also of Toronto. They were able to raise 40 million dollars almost overnight to fund the purchase of the Dean Ranch and their exploration activities in Crescent Valley. One of the founding directors is a wealthy geologist named Ian Parks who has connections with mining ventures around the world.

The Danns live in one of the few areas surrounding the world famous "Carlin Trend" ore body that has not been extensively explored or impacted by gold mining ventures. These activities by Oro Nevada represent the final invasion of trans-national gold mining ventures on the traditional lands of the Dann family. The potential of these activities to destroy the hot spring and other cultural sites represents not only an attack on the Dann family but on the cultural integrity of the Western Shoshone Nation. The destruction of sacred sites is an attempt at the destruction of the spirit. These acts constitute genocide against the Western Shoshone Nation.

For more information, contact the Western Shoshone Defense Project, POB 211106, Crescent Valley, NV 89821; phone (702) 468-0230; fax (702) 468-0237.

WE'LL TRADE YOU THESE BEADS FOR HALF OF YOUR LAND.
WE'LL TRADE YOU THESE GRUB WORMS FOR YOUR BIG, DUMB HATS AND HIGH-HEEL GIRLIE BOOTS.
THIS AIN'T GONNA BE AS EASY AS I WAS TOLD.

Chippewa Blockade Acid Mining

For 28 days, beginning on July 22, Anishinabe Ogitchida, a group of Chippewa activists, stopped sulfuric acid tankers from crossing the Bad River Chippewa Reservation in northern Wisconsin, to the Copper Range Mine in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The blockade ended when the tribal government agreed to legally stop the shipments until safety issues were resolved with the carrier, Wisconsin Central Railroad.

The Chippewa are concerned about unsafe transport of large quantities of sulfuric acid through local communities and across some of the most pristine wetlands and forests in northern Wisconsin. But they are more concerned about the threat to the environment posed by the mine itself and its use of sulfuric acid.

Copper Range, only five miles from Lake Superior, is one of the worst toxic polluters in the country. In July, the mine started a pilot project involving the injection of sulfuric acid solution into the rock to remove small amounts of copper. A total of 50 million gallons of solution would be injected over the next three years to determine if the process is economically feasible. In the final project, 550 million gallons would be injected over 20 years.

Sulfuric acid leakage from Copper Range is a very real threat to Lake Superior and the nearby Mineral River. In addition to wreaking havoc on local ecosystems, groundwater contamination would disrupt the tribe's ability to exercise their hunting and fishing rights on ceded territory.

In addition, tunneling operations in the mine have broken into a brine aquifer—containing water five times as salty as ocean water—and the mine is expected to completely fill with brine in 30 to 50 years. INMET, the Canadian company which owns Copper Range, has given assurances that it will set up a trust fund to pump out and treat the sulfuric acid-tainted brine "in perpetuity." That's a long time, and judging by other companies' records of reclamation of solution mines, INMET may not make good on this promise.

The Bad River protests have resulted in a commitment from the EPA to study the issue of transport of large amounts of sulfuric acid on tracks that haven't been used for years. The EPA will also look at the threat of sulfuric acid leakage into the Mineral River and Lake Superior.

But the EPA refuses to do any studies of the pilot project, and hasn't committed to requiring an Environmental Impact Statement(EIS) for the mine itself.

The halting of the acid shipments may be only temporary. Only a few miles of track are temporarily safe; the acid travels through Wisconsin to Michigan from as far away as Arizona. INMET's acid stockpile will eventually run out and they will truck the acid if the rail line is still unusable (an even more dangerous prospect).

What You Can Do: Demand that the EPA halt this dangerous and irresponsible project. The first step is to require an EIS on all phases of the mining operation, including the pilot project.Contact Valdas Adamkus, Regional Administrator, USEPA Region V, 77 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, IL 60604, phone (312) 886-3000, fax (312) 353-1120, email: adamkus.valdas@epamail.epa.gov; or EPA Water Chief Jody Traub, same address, phone (312) 886-0126, fax (312) 353-2147.

For more information, contact Walt Bresette, Rt 1, Box 117, Bayfield, WI 54814, fax (715) 779-3465, email: bresette@win.bright.net or Midwest Treaty Network, email: mtn@igc.apc.org

©1993 GULLIVER for the BIG BEND SENTINEL
"Dear Future Generations,
Drop. dead.
The 20th Century"
TOXIC OCEAN DO NOT SWIM
TOXIC PUDDLE AVOID AT ALL COST
TOXIC LAKE DO NOT DRINK
TIME CAPSULE DIG HERE
TOXIC CHEMICALS DO NOT DIG
TOXIC AIR BREATHE AT OWN RISK
MYSTERY TOXIC DO NOT EVACUATE
NUCLEAR WASTE VERY, VERY TOXIC

Winona La Duke

continued from page 3

What is my experience in this? I come from a forest culture. Our creation stories are about those forests, our ancestors are buried there, our food, our medicinal plants, our relatives live in those forests. We call them forests, but they are viewed by Potlatch, Blandin and Champion as board feet of timber.

Now let me ask you a question. How is it that when the people of the White Earth reservation ask the federal government for the return of the Tamarac National Wildlife Refuge or to manage the Refuge—lands taken illegally from our people—we are refused or put off? Yet these same lands are basically given to Potlatch and Champion. Why is it that the state and other officials refer to last year's wind sear on my reservation that took down over 200,000 acres of trees as a natural disaster? Yet Potlatch expands present mills and they will be cutting a square mile of Minnesota's northwoods daily—the equivalent of an eight-foot pile of logs piled across both the north and south bound lanes of 35W from Minneapolis to Duluth—and that is referred to as economic growth.

Who's going to be there when all those trees are gone? Who will be there when there are no forests except for a monoculture poppel and tree farms? You can't eat money.

How about Indian policy?

Lots of promises and no action. Two free lunches, some Kodak moments and immense budget cuts. Indian policy has come far in America, there's no question. Until almost the end of the 19th century, Indians were dealt with by the Department of War. Since then Indian people have been in the Department of Interior. We are the only humans in the Department of Interior treated as a natural resource. This is a problem in budget cuts. Literally we are fighting with ducks over appropriations. Is that changing? Right now in the international arena the US State Department is opposing the classification of indigenous peoples under international law as peoples. Peoples have rights under international law and those rights are not the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of member states. We are arguing that we have fundamental rights to self-determination, to language, land, territory, natural resources and our children. And the US State Department is opposing our human rights.

Now a question you may ask me is: can a person who lives in the north woods of Minnesota have thoughts big enough for national policy debate or international policy? I would argue yes. In fact I would question the inverse. Can men of privilege—who do not feel the impact of policies on forests, children or their ability to breastfeed their children—actually have the compassion to make public policy that is reflective of the interests of others? At this point, I think not.

I have seen my neighbors, small farmers in northern Minnesota, go under while corporate agriculture subsidies in the Sunbelt mount. I have seen dairy cows with "x's" on their foreheads for the dairy termination program leave on cattle cars never to return, and I have been at too many farm auctions to feel that things are good on the farm. I know the difference between water quality on a small dairy farm and that on a 3,000- or 10,000-acre hog farm. As former Texas Agriculture Secretary Jim Hightower says: "Sometimes there's just too many pigs in the creek."

I have looked into the eyes of Tzotzil women in Chiapas, Mexico, whose eyes are all that show. Women in the tropics whose faces are covered with ski masks because if the Mexican military or paramilitary see them they will be killed if they are known. I've seen US military-supplied armored personnel carriers on small dirt roads in Chiapas and recognized the absence of human rights and dignity that is central to NAFTA. And I also recognize the impact of $250 million in US military aid and trade to a country like Mexico—a country with no known enemies. American foreign policy is reflective of American economic policy and at best, both presently and historically, it makes refugees. That is the major reason we have the challenge of immigration. I congratulate Paul Wellstone on his principled stand on NAFTA, Colin Peterson's opposition to NAFTA, and ask one more time for Senator Rod Gram's office to return my calls.

And while Dan Quayle could not spell potato, I can. O-P-I-N-II-G. That's Ojibwe for potato. And that language is one of 187 endangered indigenous languages which do not benefit from English-only legislation.

As a human I understand these issues and as a woman, I ask why it is that I should be more concerned about the sugar content of breakfast cereal than the amount of mercury in my son's tissue from eating fish from Minnesota lakes.

In conclusion, until American domestic and foreign policy addresses quality of life issues for the poorest people in the country, we cannot say that there is quality of life. Until all of us are treated as peoples—with full human rights—we cannot tout a human rights record. Until policy decisions are made that do not benefit solely the one percent of the population which has more wealth than the bottom 90 percent of the population, I do not think that we can collectively say that we are talking about real economic and social benefits. And finally, until we have an environmental, economic and social policy that is based on consideration of the impact on the seventh generation from now, we will still be living in a society that is based on conquest not one that is based on survival. I consider myself a patriot—not to a flag—to a land. And in that spirit I am pleased to join with other citizen activists, with Cam Gordon, with Lee Ann TallBear, with Ralph Nader and the Green Party to make this truly an inclusive and substantive dialogue on the future of this America.

Miigwetch, Mi'iw.

Jack SQUASHED!

BY GRUMBLESOX

The following is a personal account of the raid on "Jack Squat" — the blockade on the road being built to log the Jack Timber Sale near Dixie, Idaho. The Jack sale is part of the Forest Service's plan to road and log the largest remaining unroaded area in the lower 48 states, known as Cove/Mallard.

It is 4:40 am and all is peaceful at Jack Squat. I am the only one awake, pulling the early morning security shift under the star-speckled skies of the northern Rockies. Over the radio, a voice says, "There's a van stopping at 9550." Meanwhile, I see four vans whip up the road. Soon the pre-dawn light is disturbed by the dark figures of about 40 cops yelling, "Police officers: Hold your position!"

I send a two-word message to security over the radio: "They're here." Then, I am surrounded by cops: Forest Service Law Enforcement (Freddies), Idaho County Sheriffs, state police, Idaho Fish and Game and US Marshals "Special Operations" officers. Mike Merkely, head Freddie agent, steps towards me, handing me a closure order. We have 15 minutes to get our stuff and leave. We slowly gather our things, delaying things for an hour or so, until they order us to move.

The cops then move in on Forrest with a diamond-bit grinder. Forrest is locked into a 55-gallon drum buried in the road. In the distance comes the horrid clanking of tank treads and the crunch of our barriers being destroyed. The source of this noise soon becomes visible to us; a massive excavator truddles down FS Road 9550 towards us. Soon they arrive at the culvert wall. They use a choke chain on the excavator arm and easily lift out each of the culverts we cemented vertically to block the road.

Meanwhile, the cops are threatening Forrest. Eventually he unlocks. Now, just two tripods and one bipod guard 27,000 acres of wild land from the Freddies and the road builders.

The cops move on to Zak's tripod, ripping the chicken wire off the legs and revving up a chain saw. Up on the hill, we are yelling for them not to cut. Not much we can do; we're guarded by two marshals in full camo equipped with AR-15 submachine guns. The cops ignore us, continuing their foolish work. Eventually, Peter Dean (evil Freddie cop) cuts two feet off the front leg of the tripod. The cops try to ease the pod down, but lose control of it. The whole structure falls about ten feet, right on top of Zak! Our support team gets more vocal; Zak gets

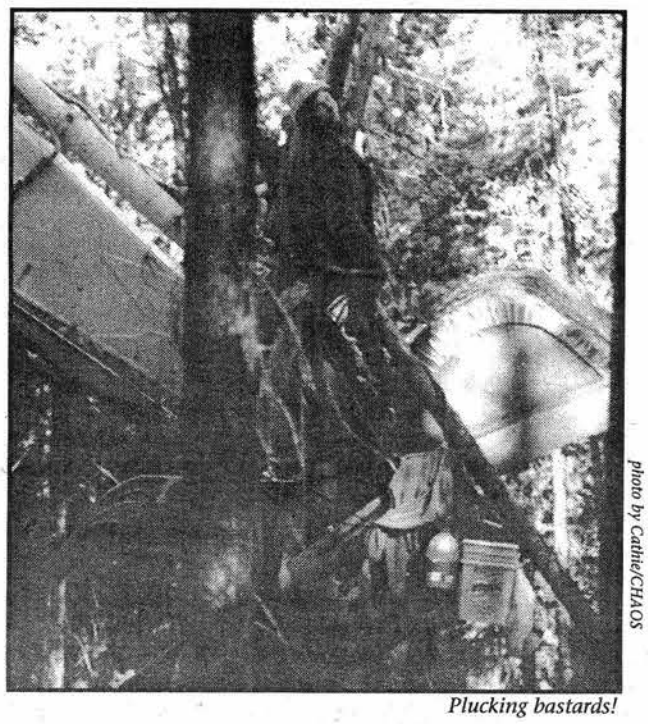


photo by Cathie/CHAOS

Plucking bastards!

hauled away, for the most part unscathed.

The cops move next to Rachael's tripod, so she scrambles up from her platform into the top. They put a Freddie, an expert in pain holds, in a bucket on the end of an excavator and raise it towards her. The Freddie almost falls out, but manages to at least cut Rachael's food and water down.

* * *

After that, it was a waiting game. The cops ate lunch. We ate lunch. District Ranger Ed Wood showed up for an ATV tour of our road work. He stopped to kick Rachael's tripod repetitively. Another Freddie moved the secondary support cable from the bipod to the other side of the gate, recklessly endangering Shawn's life. Fortunately, this insidious behavior stopped momentarily —when the press arrived.

Once the press left, Merkely and his boys hooked the main support cable of the bipod to a come-along. To ensure that we couldn't watch what was happening to Shawn, they rushed up the hill, screaming at us to get away. At this point, fearing for Shawn's safety and wanting to make sure someone besides Rachael saw what the cops were doing, I walked down the hill. I was grabbed by a gaggle of cops and handcuffed to a lodgepole pine near the road. At least I had a better view!

Fourteen hours after they initiated the raid, they brought in a cherry picker and got Shawn and Rachael down. The next day we were arraigned in federal court in Boise. Four of us face misdemeanor charges of "maintaining an improvement," and all five face the charge of closure violation.

Pretty quickly, the improvements made by the Salmon-Selway Big Pink Bunnies were gone. The excavator ripped right through the tank trap, the pit toilet, log cabins and slash piles. Boo, hoo. Interestingly, it had the most trouble with the slash piles composed of smaller stuff yarned together. Seemed it couldn't just grab at it. Huh... According to the Idaho County Free Press, the 200-yard-long stretch of slash took them five and a half hours to clear.

* * *

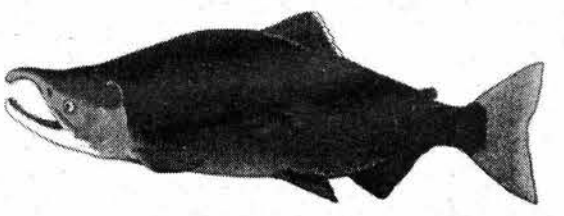
Too soon, gravel trucks were swarming in to finish the road. We were woken at 4 am every morning by their Jake brakes. This annoying occurrence goaded us into action. Early one particular morning, the Jake brakes squealed to halt as two activists, locked to the gate, arms encased in steel lock boxes, said "Hello." Truck drivers, security guards and lockees chatted. No one seemed too upset by the unexpected delay.

An hour later, our Freddie friend Chuck Wilson and his sheriff pal Terry Beeler arrived, armed with a generator and saw. BZZ! The sparks flew as they cut chunks off the Forest Service gate. (Think the cops will be charged with destruction of federal property?) Supporters on the hill inched forward, straining to see the action. "Come on down to the road, you'll see better," invited Sheriff Beeler. "Give us a permit and we'll come down," we replied.

Our heroes were taken away, one still in the lock box. They were charged with "willfully encumbering the land of another without permission" and "obstructing a public officer," both state charges.

By now, the south spur of the Jack road is done. For some unknown reason, the Noble area was not touched this season even though its road was completed.

You can reach the Cove Mallard Coalition at PO Box 8968, Moscow, ID 83843; (208) 882-9755. For up-to-the-minute news, call (801) 379-8925, or if you're absolutely, utterly broke, (800) 889-5277.



Beer and Loafing on the

BY ZAP

A logging truck driver and a security guard stand close together in the predawn cold. They have steaming plastic mugs of coffee. We don't. They have smirks on their faces as they offer us some. We do too.

"Sure would be good to have a warm cup of coffee."

"No, actually caffeine's bad for you."

"Well, how 'bout some hot cocoa?"

"The sugar is really bad for you. Y'all should cut back on that stuff."

"Well, shit, how 'bout Tang?"

"Only astronauts drink Tang."

Another bonding experience has begun with locals and environmental protesters.

We are freezing our asses off, literally. Eagle can't feel his fingers due to the awkward angle of the lock boxes. The view of the light spilling into the valley is absolutely breathtaking through the clearcut. I am locked down to the gate, barricading the road, with two logging trucks boxing me in. The headlights burn my retinas. The fumes and engine noise choke my brain as I reflect on the last few days that have made this hallmark moment possible.

Only moments before, I had seen the core secondary support people and the affinity-arrestable group break down to the shouted whisper talk of "fuck you." "No, fuck YOU." "Fuckin' shut the fuck up." "Hey, can we focus here?"

Just a case of pre-action jitters? No, it was another one of the many times the action almost didn't happen.

What can be done to ensure a better run next time? Before I break out the crits, I want to make it clear the action was successful and we met all our goals. What doesn't get said a lot, in a movement which wants to portray a united front, is that there are a few serious flaws in some of the ways we relate and organize.

Let's set the stage for the usual open campaign. Volunteers come from a mixed background of class, skills and experience. The amount of time to be donated, or roles to be played, differs tremendously. In each campaign, the influx and outflow of folks creates a constant state of discovery, new ideas, approaches; fresh blood pumping the revolutionary manifestation, full of life. Some groups know each other; lots are strangers. It can click into a dynamic team, or a scary version of your typical neurotic, codependent mess of a dysfunctional suburban family. In our case, it was a volatile combo of both.

Process, respect and timing were the root systems that started to disintegrate. It was Wild Rockies Week, and people wanted to party. Interestingly enough, Avalon's Litha *Journal* article kept popping up in my head. Every time there was a scheduled meeting to discuss a possible action, more than half the folks were drunk or high. It took three days to have a somewhat sober meeting. Promises were made and broken, trust issues went unaddressed. When the time came to get into gear, roles were forgotten, folks dropped out or continued sleeping.

I am up for a good time when it has its place, but partying and planning are not an effective combination. We could have a set time to drink and a set time to organize. Then folks could choose their priorities.

A respect for all roles ought to be encouraged. We all can do things in the movement that we are comfortable with. If being arrested or going

BOISE NOISE

BY THE WOOD MAN

The Wild Rockies Summer Tour danced into the City of Trees on the one-year anniversary of the salvage rider, and received a big greeting from the Salmon River Coalition (SRC). Downtown Boise, Idaho, comes "Alive After Five" every Wednesday evening, and on July 24, thousands of unsuspecting (and a few suspecting) partiers were treated to more than just a live band. They also witnessed the live broadcast of a hanging. No, Fate did not finally catch up with Larry Craig. Instead they saw activists from Missoula, Montana, and Boise and Moscow, Idaho, team up to hang a four-story banner off the opaque, glassy face of the First Interstate tower. The 30 by 40 foot protest sign was the product of hundreds of hours of toil and revelry by volunteers with the SRC, a group formed over the winter as part of the Boycott Boise Cascade (BC) campaign. Its message got on the evening news live and was then the top story on all the late news shows. By sheer coincidence, the Idaho Sporting Congress (ISC) held a protest and news conference at Boise (Cascade!) National Forest (BNF) headquarters the next morning. It was a vidiotic zoo: Cameras and reporters were everywhere as the ISC showed pictures of healthy old-growth being cut as salvage, and presented proof from Dr. Arthur Partridge (University of Idaho renowned forest pathologist and infamous name caller) that the salvage program hatched by the Boise NF was, in the good doctor's own carefully chosen words, a "fraud."

Dr. Partridge, who has been studying Idaho's forests for 36 years, had just visited the Deadwood sale area in the Boise NF with biologist Steve Davis. Deadwood is actually one of the healthiest roadless areas left in the Boise, with plenty of old-growth Ponderosas already marked to be cut. Originally a green sale, the Forest Service had repackaged it as salvage, claiming that it had been suddenly attacked by pine beetles. Pictures of marked trees from Deadwood had circulated on the House floor when Elizabeth Furse's salvage repeal bill was being voted on, and it was subsequently withdrawn as a consequence of Secretary Glickman's directives. Dr. Partridge could find no evidence of a pine beetle infestation. The BNF was caught in a lie.

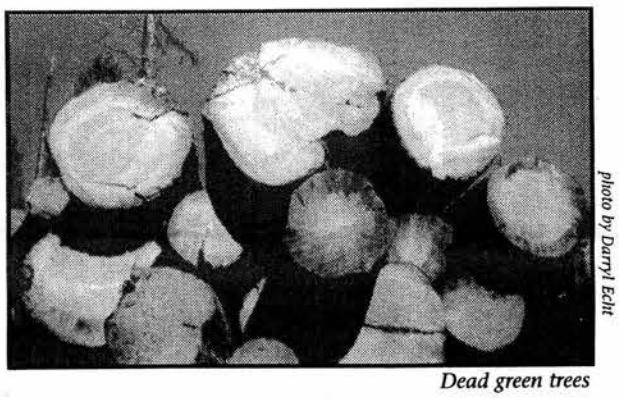


photo by Darryl Echt

Dead green trees

The Idaho Sporting Congress filed suit on September 4 to stop the Deadwood sale.

The news conference was on every regional newscast that day, with two in-depth stories on one station, and each time the banner video was repeated. After enduring an all-night celebration of the banner-hanging, one of the climbers and a Salmon River Coalition spokesperson appeared on the Sunday morning show "Newsmakers," discussing civil disobedience at Cove/Mallard, Warner Creek, Headwaters, and yes, even in Boise. The climbers' press statement noted that the banner was a response to "industry's hostile takeover of our public lands," and dedicated the hanging to "free Americans everywhere who have begun to take back our most threatened forests." Video of the Jack Squat blockade at Cove/Mallard was interspliced with the banner and news conference/protest footage, clearly connecting the fraud with peaceful civil disobedience in the public's consciousness. As Davis said on camera, pointing to a photographic display of trees marked for cut under the pretense of salvage, "These are the money trees."

During the media frenzy, the Idaho Sporting Congress also presented evidence that 90 percent of the trees currently being "salvaged" in roadless areas of French Creek in the Payette National Forest are healthy and green. Two of ISC's attorneys had been arrested in the Payette a week earlier while documenting the salvage fraud with video (thanks Patagonia!) and photos. All their film was confiscated, but the Cove/Mallard folks got even better pictures in time for the shark feed. This prompted the Forest Service to issue a hurried press release that the trees being cut in French Creek were actually "DEAD GREEN TREES!" (They've already been killed by bugs, see, but the chlorophyll hasn't drained out yet!) Incredulous, Dr. Partridge paid a visit to French Creek, and this time went on camera himself to expose the latest fictions being perpetrated by the FS. Once again, the story was carried by all the news stations. After years of attempting to expose the fraudulent underpinnings of the salvage program, the media is finally getting the message. Nobody is interested in burned trees. At least, not in Idaho, home of the salvage model.

photo courtesy of the Salmon River Coalition

Boise's biggest banner!

Finally, Boise Cascade went on TV to explain that those green trees they're cutting need to be removed to prevent another catastrophic fire. When the SRC first protested the Salmon River sales on BC's doorstep last Earth Day, Boise Cascade dismissed them as "extremists who are opposed to the cutting of burned, dead trees." Then when it was shown that mostly green trees were being cut, Forest Service spokesliars said they were actually "dead green trees." After Dr. Partridge exposed this lie, BC claimed they're just trying to prevent another big fire. Of course, what he failed to note is that none of these sales would have gone forward as green sales, since they violate the forest plans, and according to the National Marine Fisheries Service, are "likely to jeopardize the continued existence of" salmon in the Salmon River. It was for this reason that the FS had promised only to cut "dead and imminently dead" trees. Of course, to the Forest Service and Boise Cascade, an "imminently dead" tree is one that has been marked for cut.

While the fraud has finally been exposed, it should be noted that the banner almost never got off the tower. Due to razor sharp cornices on the building, the chord by which the banner was to be hung was severed twice. After these aborted attempts, an hour into the event, the activists decided to tie the ropes to the bottom of the banner and throw it off the twelve-story roof. Fortunately, Boise's men in blue had a difficult time cutting through the "Diamond" pad lock that had somehow gotten locked onto the roof door, and the banner hung for over an hour before the climbers were finally escorted off the building. A legal defense fund has been established for their benefit, as they face up to a year in jail and $1,800 in fines for their disobedience. Please send a check payable to "CLIMBER'S LEGAL DEFENSE FUND," PO Box 4262, Boise, ID 83711-4264. Hang in there!

The Wood Man is an activist/writer living in le Bois.

Jack Road

backcountry is not for you, say so. Group dynamics can be more high-powered if folks who consistently wash dishes or live in a tripod are respected equally. Being honest about what you can do does wonders, and provides much more support than failing people who are depending on you.

In a community where it is sometimes assumed we are on the cutting edge of social reform, people seem to dislike the process of a consensus circle. Sometimes they are way too long and core problems are still not addressed. Dealing directly with personal problems between people before they usurp group trust is key.

At Cove/Mallard, clear consensus circles where everyone was heard and the purpose was met needed to happen more. We lacked any follow-up circles after people broke up into smaller groups, so assumptions of roles plagued the action. If few people know each other these processes help folks decide if they want to participate. A genuine awareness of each other's boundaries would be bliss.

In a product-oriented world where the justified means is tearing the earth apart, for us to embrace process would be revolutionary.

Even in our whirlwind of craziness there was a central group of people dedicated to stopping road construction. They constantly checked in with one another, giving room for folks to change their minds. They stuck it out and that inspired me. I hope that by looking at the process honestly we can continue to break negative patterns and think of new ideas to make this way of life more empowering.

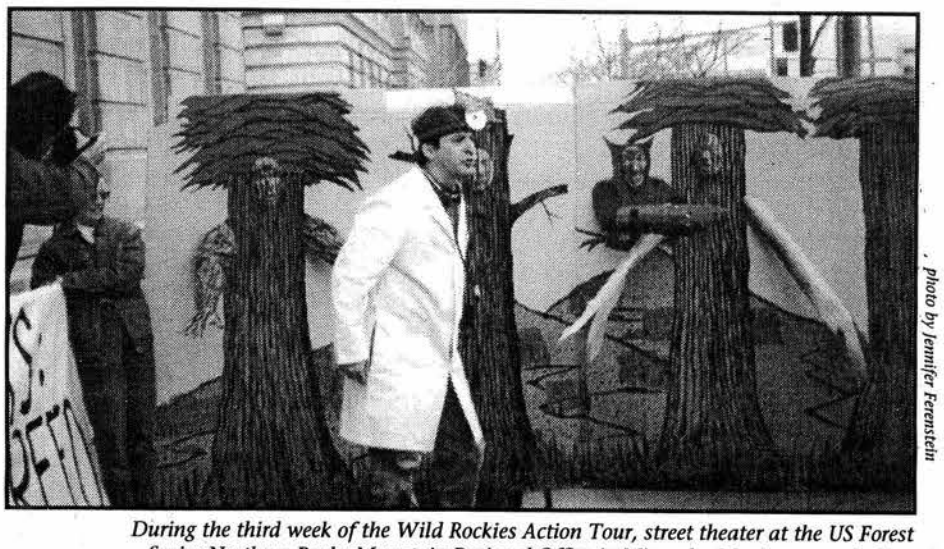


photo by Jennifer Ferenstein

During the third week of the Wild Rockies Action Tour, street theater at the US Forest Sevice Northern Rocky Mountain Regional Office in Missoula, Montana, sparked an article in the local paper announcing Regional Forester Hal Salwasser's intention to review certain controversial salvage sales. This summer, upstanding citizens and riffraff alike took to the streets throughout the Wild Rockies to protest salvage logging.

HISTORY OF THE STRUGGLE IN THE UPPER RIO GRANDE

BY DREADLOCK COWBOY

San Luis, Colorado, looks like a peaceful town that time and the outside world forgot; all seems content here. Farmers are busy with the hustle and bustle of the coming harvest. Fields rich with corn and beans stretch from the lowlands, to the east, straight into the heart of the mighty Culebra Mountains, locally known as La Sierra. But beyond the beauty lies the seven-generations-old struggle of the local community to maintain use rights and protection for the mountains which are part of their home. Here, in these majestic Sangre de Cristo mountains, a war is raging!

The 77,000-acre Taylor Ranch dominates the Culebra Range. The ranch is owned by Zack Taylor, a direct descendant of the former President. It is home to Colorado's largest logging operation. Estimates on the size of proposed cuts vary, but it is believed that Taylor sold off 32 million board feet (mmbf) to Stone Forest Industries of South Fork, Colorado, in 1995. Then in 1996 (to add insult to injury) Taylor sold another timber deed for 72 to 92 mmbf to an outside broker. Regardless of which estimate is correct, Taylor's plans greatly exceeded any other operation in the southern Rockies or much of the western US.

A total of 40,000 acres of forest in 11 drainages may be logged. Logging will wipe out a unique and important watershed in the headwaters of the mighty Rio Grande, and threatens local farmers' irrigation systems with sedimentation.

CHANGING HANDS— OWNERSHIP AND LA SIERRA

The Mexican government issued the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant to Carlos Beaubien in 1844; it was then part of Mexico. The grant encompassed a million acres, stretching from New Mexico to Colorado's San Luis Valley. Beaubien issued deeds for "long lot" ranches to the Chicano settlers of San Luis. He also granted use rights (including hunting, fishing, grazing and firewood gathering) in La Sierra to the people of San Luis by establishing La Sierra as a commons area for the local communities.

In 1843, with the end of the Mexican-American War, lands in the grant became territories of the United States. The town of San Luis was established in 1851—the oldest in Colorado. The Surveyor General of New Mexico confirmed Beaubien's right to the land grant, bringing it under US law, in 1860.

In 1864, Beaubein sold La Sierra to William Gilpin, the first governor of Colorado. Gilpin bought and later patented ownership of La Sierra with local use rights intact. Gilpin, being a forefather of modern resort developers, attempted to subdivide the land into private estates, but community opposition stopped this attempted land theft. Gilpin then sold the property to the Costilla Estates Development Co. (CEDC).

The first attempt (and failure) to limit use of the mountain came early in the twentieth century. CEDC began taking people to court on trespassing charges. But La Sierra was too large to be effectively patrolled or controlled and enforcement failed miserably.

CEDC did engineer a successful blow to the legal relationship between la gente and La Sierra. The company challenged the Beaubien deed in Federal District Court. CEDC claimed that La Sierra was not a "commons" as was stated in Beaubien's deed. Rather they alleged that the long lots were the only properties granted by Beaubien. The Court sided with CEDC in its ruling. Many believe this decision was affected by a related court ruling, *US v. Sandoval*, which established constitutional recognition of only public and private land. Therefore US law would neither recognize nor allow communal ownership. By forcing the Sangre De Cristo Land Grant into compliance with the government, the court effectively stripped the populace of a legal connection to La Sierra. The locals showed little regard for the decision of the court and continued to use the Ranch as a commons.

CEDC struck a final blow by selling La Sierra to Jack Taylor in 1960 for $6.41 an acre. Taylor, a wealthy lumberman, fenced off the entire ranch. Upon Jack's death his son Zachary, a resident of North Carolina, became the manager. Zach hired mercenaries to patrol the property. His guards violently persecuted "trespassers" on La Sierra; some were pistol-whipped, hog-tied and dumped in front of the County Sheriff's office. Despite the Taylor family's aggressive posture, they have yet to sever the bonds between the people of San Luis and the nurturing mountains because the community's agricultural methods provide a direct connection.

When Mexican citizens settled the area they brought with them a gravitational irrigation ditch system known as *acequias*. Farmers diverted the consistent runoff from mountain creeks through their fields in order to bring life to the arid valley floor. An intricate system of ditches developed over time to irrigate the whole watershed. *Acequias* ranchers have maintained a direct link to the vitality of the watershed for seven generations. Their organic and holistic methods are dependent upon the availability of clean fresh water from La Sierra's creeks. Sedimentation in the *acequias* is the most immediate threat to the community's livelihood.

THE WILD, ROADLESS RANCH

Taylor Ranch sits on the western slope of the Sangre de Cristos. It includes the entire headwaters of the Rio de la Culebra microbasin. Ranch land extends across approximately 8,500 vertical feet, to the 14,069-foot Culebra Peak. As one moves from the lowest elevations upward, the foothill forests of piñon and juniper are soon shaded by tall ponderosa pines. Depending on the slope, terrain, aspect and fire history, the mid-elevation forests are either mixed conifers, dominated by Douglas fir, or large stands of aspen. Periodic fires have left behind a few thick-barked Douglas firs and ponderosas and fertilized the soil, making possible the young diverse forests that now predominate. Most of the ranch is covered with spruce/fir ecosystems ranging from mature to old growth. Healthy, multi-storied canopies are host to goshawk, pine marten, wolverine, cougar, black bear and probably Mexican spotted owl. This area is truly one of the southern Rockies' last great treasures.

Elders of San Luis talk of times when the only way to move about on La Sierra was on horseback. Since the Taylor regime was established, however, hundreds of miles of roads have been built and more are being constructed. Immediately to the south of the ranch is a portion of the Sangre de Cristo Land Grant that is still primarily roadless, making La Sierra a crucial wildlife corridor between the southern Rockies and the Rio Grande basin. This bioregional link must be preserved.

BAD NEWS!

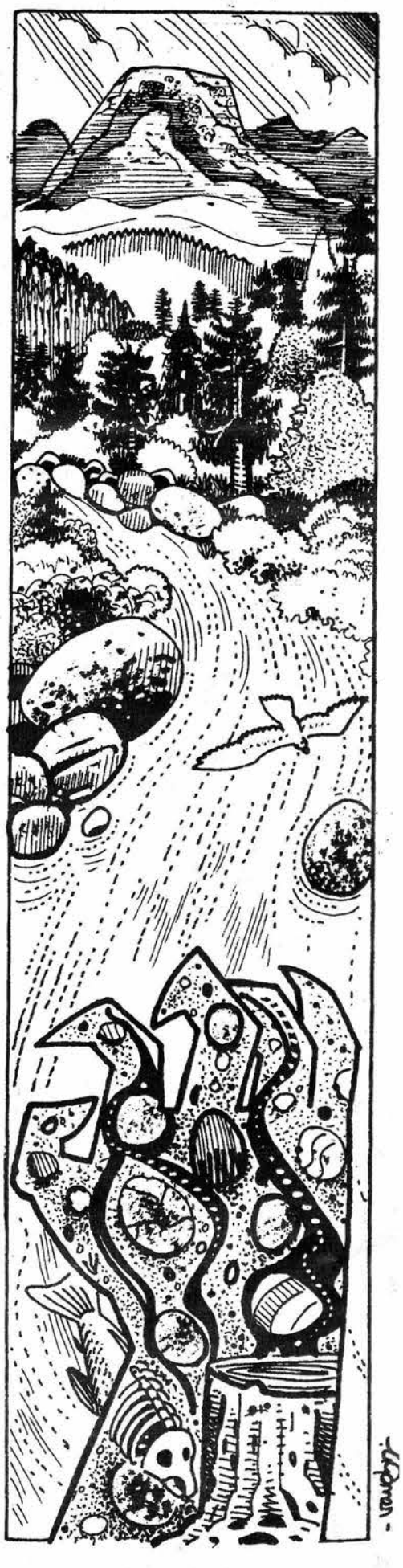
Stone Forest Industries, international Earth rapist, is in San Luis and up to their old tricks. No laws govern private land timber sales in Colorado; as a result Stone's work here makes their work on Federal land look good. An estimated 9,000 to 10.000 acres of forest have already been cut. Skidder and feller-forwarder tracks enter the forest every 50 to 100 feet, some extending up to a mile on very steep slopes. There are no cutting units, just continuous swaths of devastation. Every tree greater than 13 inches in diameter gets cut. Entire drainages have been ripped into little ribbons. Two-thousand-acre cuts lie at the top of the watersheds; only thin buffers separate stumps from the alpine tundra above. From 30 to 90 percent of the vegetation is gone in cut-over areas. Enormous slash piles, two stories tall, present a tremendous fire hazard. Roads are the only things flagged; 40 miles in one drainage and Stone is still building. Culverts are poorly maintained at best; most are plugged with sediment, disrupting water flow. One road is slumping directly into a creek bed, destroying valuable, wetland-developing beaver ponds. Streams are being choked off by rampant sedimentation that's moving downstream into irrigation ditches. Reduction of canopy cover has changed the local hydrology. An accelerated snowmelt period has already left many ditches dry. Some ranchers are having to sell off cattle to buy feed for horses because the fields are parched.

GOOD NEWS!

There are three promising lawsuits now underway. The Land Rights Council of San Luis is handling the *Rael v. Taylor* case, which is attempting to regain local land use rights in the mountains. Taylor's highly paid lawyers have successfully kept this lawsuit wallowing in obscurity for 30 years, but have been unable to prevent recent judgments in favor of the people. Most notable is the Colorado Supreme Court decision to hold the case in San Luis. La Sierra Foundation of San Luis (an organization dedicated to buying La Sierra to protect as a community land trust) has also filed notice of intent to sue on two other cases. Their Endangered Species Act case concerns the Mexican spotted owl and western willow flycatcher, but due to lack of biological assistance this case may not be heard until next summer. Their "Trespass and Nuisance" case alleges that the logging is endangering the livelihoods of downstream farmers. The Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund is doing research for the case presently.

At this point, however, direct action and civil disobedience are the only recourse. Since June, local farmers and environmentalists have banded together to stop Stone cold. A number of actions have been effective and Stone has moved on to greener pastures for the time being. We expect them back in the winter to use all those brand new roads they've been building. And when they return we hope to give them a warm welcome. Naturally we need dedicated, capable activists to contribute some good ideas and physical labor. Since there is no public land here, we depend on the kindness of local ranchers for accommodations and fresh, organic veggies, and in return we work hard. Slacktivists will not be comfortable here. To truly appreciate the issues at stake we must work the soil and learn from the people of La Sierra. They have an understanding of ecology not to be found in any textbook. For seven generations San Luis has been a model of sustainable agriculture and respectful land management. It is imperiled as long as the devastation continues!

For more information contact Ancient Forest Rescue at POB 592, Gunnison, CO 81224; (970) 641-7128.



Lockdown Lucy Strikes Again

BY CRUSTACEAN

Lockdown Lucy and those meddling kids arrived at the Jaroso gate to the Taylor Ranch quite early on Friday morning. Corpus, a 74 year-old centennial farmer, was there representing the "Wise Old Dudes for Wilderness," along with his son Joe and daughter Raphelita. They and others came to witness Lockdown Lucy's stand for the land.

Six o'clock in the morning wasn't quite early enough to keep the first truck out, but Lucy thought it would be fun to keep those logs, those murdered trees stolen from *la gente* (the people), from getting to the mill. So she locked herself to the gate while her fellow pranksters proceeded to make a lovely breakfast spread with scrambled eggs, pancakes, fresh fruit, and don't forget—cowboy coffee. Sure enough, their rather pleasant breakfast was interrupted by the rumble of a log truck that appeared, dust flying, from the mountain.

"You're back again," was all the trucker could say as he scratched his head under the morning sun. The tribe was relieved that "Ray" didn't appear violent and offered him" some breakfast. They didn't take offense at the refusal. "More for us," they cried and the rejoicing began! The tribe used their cell phone (really, it's true!) to call the press and share their victory. Unfortunately for ol' Ray, no one felt the need to call the sheriff and seemingly no one was responding to his calls on the CB radio. Poor Ray, without a vehicle, judged his only course of action was to walk down that dusty county road, under the blazing sun, to enlist some assistance.

"How far is it to St. Louis?" he asked.

"St. Louis? It's a long way," they replied. "Do you have enough water?"

"I DON'T DRINK WATER AND DON'T TOUCH MY TRUCK!" were the parting words of sad ol' Ray as he disappeared.

So the now very merry pranksters sat sweltering in the sun, waiting for the expected arrival of Sheriff Gallegos—"Boss Hog"—and his boys. Ray's journey must have taken him a long way before he could find sanctuary in this "hostile" territory, as it was several hours before the police arrived.

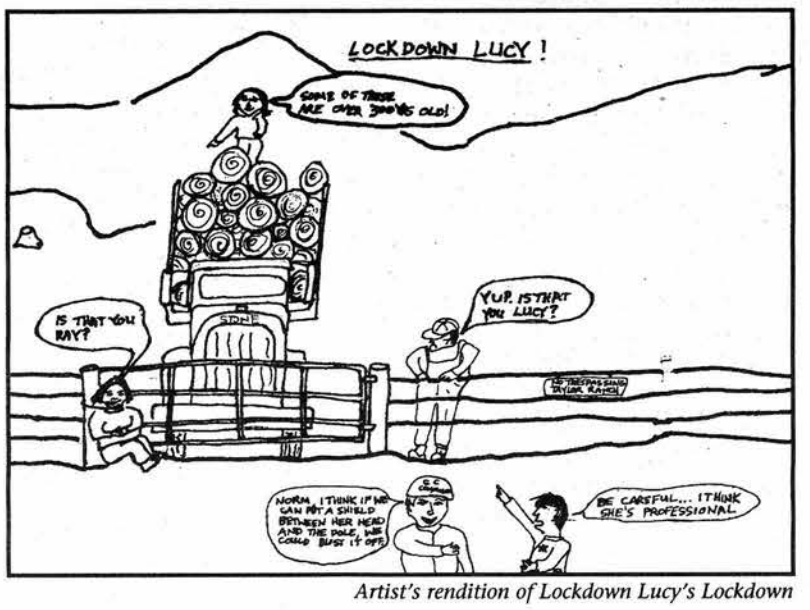
"You're too late for coffee, but we'll make you some more," said the protesters as Boss Hog and his men surveyed the scene.

"Where's the key?" the cops asked.

"We're here to stop the logging!" the people replied.

And the negotiations began...

Conveniently, the county commissioners have placed a 15-ton load limit on the country roads. However, they have failed to create any penalties to enforce this law, putting everyone in a very difficult position. Weighin' in at approximately 82,000 lbs., the truck was exceeding the limit by over 25 tons!


LOCKDOWN LUCY!
SOME OF THESE ARE OVER 300 YRS OLD!
IS THAT YOU RAY?
YUP. IS THAT YOU LUCY?
STONE
NORM, I THINK IF WE CAN PUT A SHIELD BETWEEN HER HEAD AND THE POLE WE COULD BUST IT OFF!
BE CAREFUL... I THINK SHE'S PROFESSIONAL

Artist's rendition of Lockdown Lucy's Lockdown

Lucy and her friends thought it their civic duty to uphold the law and refuse the truck passage.

"Unlock Lucy," the Sheriff asked, "and who's got the key?" Boss Hog's posse offered to send the truck to nearby Fort Garland for weighing if they'd just set Lucy free. Of course, as you would have guessed, the protesters refused. They didn't seem to have much respect for laws or the sacred county road anyhow.

They countered, "Give the mountain back to *la gente*. We'll replant, restore, create jobs for years to come!"

The police thought they were being *quite* reasonable. The protesters agreed that they were, with the exception of Boss Hog perhaps, the "friendliest" cops they'd ever encountered. Friendly maybe, but persuasive they weren't. So the Sheriff went back into town and returned with some county employees toting bolt cutters.

"Unlock Lucy and where's the key? We can end this all peacefully if you'll just set her free!"

The pranksters warned them their bolt cutters would break. But boys being boys, they had to make their own mistakes.

More time passed and stubborn Lucy stood strong. Next thing they knew, another truck came along. It had a BIG BLOWTORCH and they backed it on in.

"You can't use that! You'll burn her fair skin!"

The men from the county wholeheartedly agreed. Besides, they supported sweet Lucy and saw no need for her to be freed!

Now Ray was concerned about this weight limit thing. He was worried about the fines a citation could bring. So with his head hanging low and with a great sigh, he turned his truck around and grumbled good-bye. The police officers told him to lighten his load or he'd not be allowed on this county road.

As you can imagine, the protesters were pleased. You could see on their faces that the tensions had eased.

"Unlock Lucy, and where's that darn key?"

"We're here to stop the logging!" Lucy shouted with glee.

Lucy wasn't sure she could trust ol' Ray; heck, she *was* planning to stay there all day. So Lucy stood strong while the boys scratched their heads.

"What more do you want?" the officers said.

"Justice," she declared and she looked at the sky, as friendly cop , stepped forward to have one more try. "Unlock Lucy and I'll give you my word. The truck will unload. Your voice has been heard."

The protesters debated this latest offer. In light of future relations with these friendly officers, and since ol' Ray had gone to put back his load, Lucy unlocked and relinquished the road. Thank you they said, and they took Lucy away. She proudly held her head high, for she'd shut Stone Container down for the day. Officer Benton stayed behind to keep an eye on ol' Ray." Do you have enough water?" they asked, and then they all drove away.

San Juan Defender Dies of Unnatural Causes

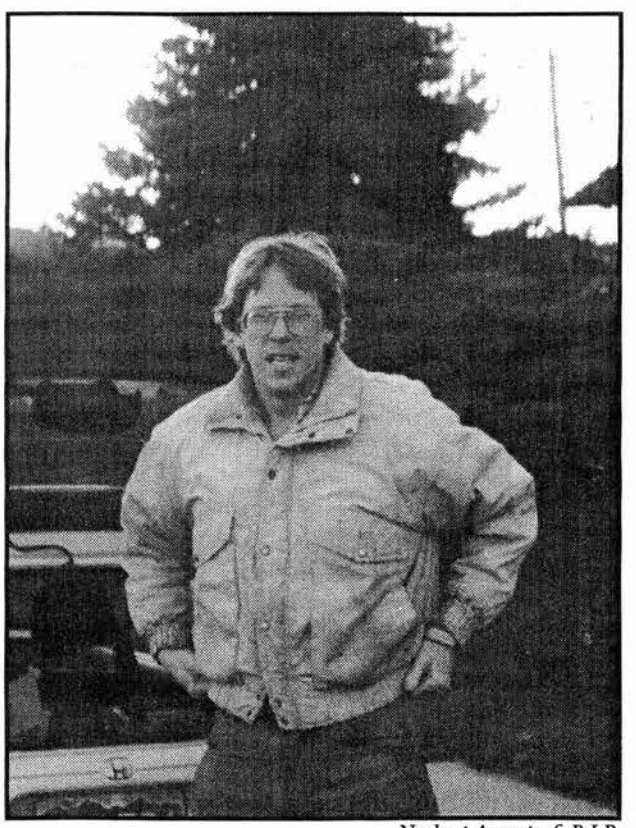
BY MICHAEL ROBINSON

Norbert Arenstorf, a longtime EF! and Ancient Forest Rescue activist in Colorado, died on the first day of September this year at the age of 34, of unnatural causes.

Norbert was an early leader in Colorado Earth First! He was part of the protests that contributed to the defeat of Two Forks Dam in the late '80s. He fought for Bowen Gulch in the woods and in the Louisiana-Pacific (L-P) company town of Kremmling. He went door to door, explaining to logging families why EF! opposed L-P's destruction of this old-growth forest. Today, Bowen Gulch is a protected wilderness area.

Norbert was instrumental in the on-the-ground campaigns for Sandbench and Red Mountain, both in the San Juan Mountains. Although blockades in both places were eventually crushed, the Forest Service dropped plans for a timber sale in nearby Martinez Creek to avoid more controversy. It is fair to say that if Norbert hadn't been around, the mixed conifer ancient forest at Martinez Creek would have been roaded and logged.

Norbert loved the rich San Juans and the arid lands of the Colorado Plateau. A few years ago he spent three weeks alone in Escalante Canyon. But most of all he loved to float desert rivers. He loved the languorous, timeless days below towering canyon walls. He had a sharp eye for rocks and 'pillows' in fast, complicated water. He came to know side canyons of the San Juan, Green, Gila, Escalante and Colorado through day hikes extending into moonlight, and through graceful climbing of ledges and rimrock that might have stopped others.



Norbert Arenstorf, R.I.P.

He was also a close friend to many in Colorado's community of activists. Norbert's activism stemmed not only from his love of wilderness, but also from his strong sense of fairness and justice, an ethic which he extended to the people around him. We will miss his good spirit around the campfire, his wry humor, his righteous anger at the despoilers and bureaucrats, his sharp insight into politics and human behavior, and his love.

Since January of 1995 Norbert fought non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, a type of cancer whose incidence has increased in the American population by 71 percent in just a few years. He underwent two bone-marrow transplants and numerous bouts of chemotherapy and radiation treatment, all to no avail.

There are many suspects in Norbert's death. When diagnosed with the disease, he worked in an office next door to Syntex chemical company, one of Colorado's biggest emitters of gaseous carcinogens. Or he could have inhaled a plutonium particle produced by the Rocky Flats nuclear bomb plant. As he recalled a couple of weeks before his death, ten years ago while protesting at Rocky Flats he had turned to a fellow protester and said something like, "we'll all probably die of cancer in ten years."

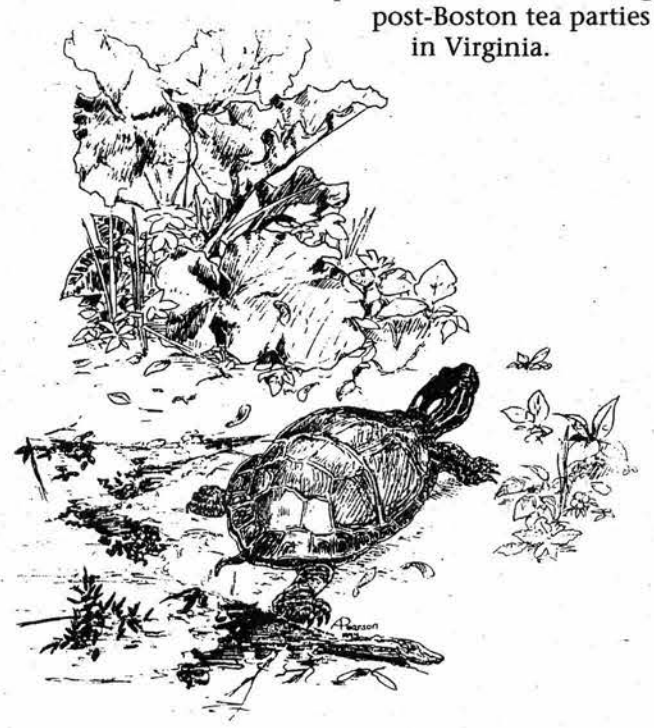
Remember that. And remember Norbert Arenstorf. He left living wilderness, places where the critters still roam unmolested, as his legacy. We miss you, Norbs. We miss you bad.

Forest Service Threatens Old Growth in Virginia (like you didn't know)

BY SHERMAN BAMFORD

The Forest Service has been given the go-ahead to cut three stands of the largest, oldest old growth left in Virginia. This August, Southern Regional Forester Robert Joslin rejected a timber sale appeal by Steve Krichbaum that would have stopped the destruction. At stake is the Hematite area, the heart of a 1,500-acre old growth area recently discovered by the Virginia Division of Natural Heritage. The Hematite area contains old growth stands of varying ages, including some stands 200-300 years old. At least 10 acres of the Hematite Timber Sale are believed to as old as 289 years.

The Freddies want to invade an *even larger* part of this ecosystem with their evil roads and chainsaws. Virginia Natural Heritage warned against logging Hematite old growth at first, but following a meeting with the Forest Service, the agency backed down, claiming the sale was acceptable because only small fraction of the *really* old growth would be cut. Come on. We're talking about trees that might have been growing when Thomas Jefferson and George Washington and all the other patriarch-crats were doing their post-Boston tea parties here in Virginia.



The Hematite Timber Sale is just one particularly bad incident in the pattern of abuse-as-usual on the George Washington (GWNF) and Jefferson National Forests. Elsewhere in the GW, logging of stands older than 100 years is rampant. Since the release of the forest plan for the George Washington in 1993, timber sales have been approved in five inventoried roadless areas and in some additional de facto roadless areas. The GWNF plan also designated special "Remote Habitat" for "disturbance sensitive species." These areas were only supposed to receive 52 acres of logging per year, but in 1994-95 logging levels were ten times that amount.

In the Glenwood Ranger District of Virginia's Jefferson National Forest (JNF), a flurry of timber sales has been proposed in order to kill hopes for any new roadless areas just in time for the upcoming JNF plan revision. In the Clinch Ranger District to the south, mixed mesophytic forests continue to be attacked and a rare tract of old growth on Pickem Mountain is now targeted for helicopter logging. Bill Damon, the new supervisor of the George Washington and Jefferson National Forests, has taken courageous stands against Four-lane 58 and the Appalachian Power Company's 765-kilowatt power line. Don't be fooled, though. Timber is apparently still the bottom line.

It is the Hematite Timber Sale, with its centuries-old trees, that symbolizes the depths of forest slaying bureaucracy gone awry. Most people in the southeast don't believe that 200-300-year-old trees exist anymore. Tell them that the Forest Service wants to cut them down and they're sure to get angry. Virginia activists are few in number. We are testing our options, though, and need all the creative help we can get. Please write, agitate, join us. Stop the Heinous Hematite Sale. Write to William Damon, Forest Supervisor, GW JNFs, 5162 Valleypointe Parkway, Roanoke, VA 24019; (540) 265-5100.

For more info, contact Preserve Appalachain Wilderness, POB 13192, Roanoke, VA 24031-3192; (540) 982-0492.

Glacier National Park Needs Your Help

BY JOHN NOYES, MONTANA WILDERNESS ASSOCIATION

Montana's Glacier National Park may be headed for extinction. Because of a marked increase in visitation and vehicle traffic, the Park has decided to update its General Management Plan. The Park Superintendent is considering three alternatives. The first would be to do nothing and just tolerate increasing traffic and tourist congestion and a diminishing wilderness experience. The second alternative, supported by those wise, multiple and mutilating folk, would allow for increased development; i.e. more hotels, motels, restaurants, helicopter tour flights, roads, parking lots, power boats and jet skis, all of which would have a devastating and lasting effect on the Park's unique ecosystems.

The last alternative would involve reducing the impact of an increasing number of visitors while still providing a quality wilderness experience. It would limit the use of private vehicles in the park, expand the public transport system, and prohibit power boats on most lakes. It would also convert most roads to foot or bike paths and expand campgrounds and trails while discouraging commercial enterprises.

For generations we have looked upon our National Parks as a source of income and profit for local communities and business concessions. With the country's blind drive towards "economic development," we have lost sight of the first and most important mandate of the National Parks system: "To preserve and protect the natural and cultural resources (of our parks), unimpaired, for future generations." Instead of focusing on what must be done to preserve our parks' natural character for the next 20, 50, 100, or 1,000 years, society seems consumed by the thought of all the fun and money we could gain from the parks now.

As the world's population increases and mobility and leisure time rise, the demands on Glacier National Park will certainly increase at an exponential rate. It is time to limit the use of private vehicles in the Park, insist on the use of a public transport system, and decommission all but the most basic services. If we continue to allow unlimited access to the Park along with expanding amenities for businesses who wish to profit or tourists who expect a more urban experience, we will surely destroy the Park's very essence forever.

If you are concerned, please write to David A. Mihalic, Superintendent, Glacier National Park, West Glacier, MT 59936. Express your wish to preserve and foster the wilderness character of Glacier National Park, and to discourage or roll back all commercial developments.

FAN Hits the Shit!

BY SUZY

Forest Action Network (FAN) activists hijacked a log barge for four days during the second summer of their Campaign To Save The Great Coast Rainforest of British Columbia. On August 20, sixteen FANsters and one 37-foot boat successfully evaded a cranky tug to intercept and invade a 300-foot self-loading barge.

Amidst the pandemonium that ensued, two activists locked down in the control room. Climbers scaled a couple of loading cranes, traversed a line between them and unfurled a banner exclaiming: INTERFOR EXPORTS YOUR COMMUNITY JOBS. Hammocks were secured and Milky Borges and Tamara Mathias settled in for the wait.

According to FAN, 95 percent of the logs cut in the region are exported 400 km south, giving little opportunity for local employment. Interfor (International Forest Corporation) has no secondary processing facilities in the region. Massive overcutting (47 percent higher than the Ministry of Forests' own declared sustainable yield level) and exportation threaten not just the loss of jobs, but demise of the vast virgin rainforest that blankets the midcoast of British Columbia.

Eventually the Royal Canadian Mounted Police crashed the party, arresting everyone in sight—well, seven people actually. FAN maintains a base camp in Bella Coola and works regularly with members of the Nuxalk nation to fend off the unregulated devastation of BC's forests.

For more information about the ongoing campaign, contact Forest Action Network at Box 625, Bella Coola, BC, Canada V0T 1C0; phone (604)799-5800; fax (604)739-4782; e-mail: fan@alternatives.com.

SAM IS THE ANTICHRIST

"Oh give me a home
where my cattle can roam
without paying a federal fee!
Birds and fish may be killed
but on wetlands I'll build
'cause I care about
no one but me!
Home, home on the range,
digging mines without
Babbitt's O.K.!
Every forest I'll log
and I'll poison your dog
if you ever dare
get in my way!"
PROPERTY RIGHTS UBER ALLES!

Wildlife are being killed by government agents at taxpayer expense on the New Mexico ranch of ABC newsman Sam Donaldson, says Pat Wolff, Director of New West Research in Santa Fe, NM.

While digging through government records at the New Mexico State Land Office on August 8, Wolff found a letter from Donaldson's New Mexico ranch asking for assistance with "predator control" on the leased state land portion of his ranch.

An *Albuquerque Journal* reporter looking into the story confirmed that Donaldson is indeed utilizing US Animal Damage Control agents on his ranch to kill wildlife as a "livestock protection" measure.

Donaldson admitted ADC agents regularly operate on his ranch and defended his use of the program, saying he was simply signing up for a program that neighboring ranchers are enrolled in. "The government helps ranchers and farmers and businesses of all kinds," Donaldson said. "If it (ADC) is in existence and I am eligible, I'll use it," he said.

"Sam Donaldson is just another free-loading, deadbeat welfare rancher taking advantage of a government handout," Wolff said. "It's a shame that millionaires like him continue to get subsidized while truly needy families go hungry and homeless."

ADC has always kept the names of the ranchers receiving its wildlife killing services a secret, claiming disclosure would be a violation of the Privacy Act. Wolff is seeking records pertaining to government-sponsored predator killing on the ranches of Sam Donaldson and Congressman Joe Skeen under the Freedom of Information Act and says she will go to court if necessary to get them.

On August 22, concerned citizens opposed to taxpayer-funded wildlife killing demonstrated outside the Albuquerque Hyatt Regency Hotel, where Donaldson was the keynote speaker at a dinner honoring NM Senators Pete Domenici and Jeff Bingaman. The protesters carried signs with slogans such as "Sam Donaldson: Welfare Queen" and "Sam Donaldson: The grinch who stole our tax dollars." The demonstration was covered by television stations affiliated with CBS and NBC, but not surprisingly, the ABC affiliate didn't show.

Taxpayers who don't appreciate having their money used to kill wildlife on Sam Donaldson's ranch can write to him at his east coast home: 1125 Crest Lane, McLean, Virginia 22101.

Copies of a special report titled "Sam Donaldson: Welfare Rancher" are available for $10 each from New West Research/PLAN, POB 9701, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

DEFEND UTAH WILDERNESS!

BY JOSEPH "SELDOM SEEN" SMITH

Fifteen years after Bureau of Land Management (BLM) lands in southern Utah were inventoried to determine their wilderness potential, Secretary of the Interior Bruce Babbitt has ordered the agency to conduct a new appraisal of the lands it manages in redrock country. Babbitt's directive comes during a battle being fought by conservationists to pass a respectable Utah BLM Wilderness Bill (HR 1500) which calls for 5.7 million acres of designated Wilderness in southern Utah, 3.9 million more acres than the original government inventory identified. This bill, although supported by the majority of the American people and Utah's residents, is opposed by both industry and Utah's Congressional delegation, who are looking to enact a much weaker Wilderness Bill based on the BLM's 1981 Wilderness recommendations (see Smith *EF!J*, Yule 1995).

In a July 31 letter to Utah Congressman James Hansen, Babbitt said that in order to break the dogfight which has erupted in Congress over the future of Utah Wilderness he will assemble a "small team of career professionals . . . to take a careful look at the lands identified in the 5.7 million acre bill that have not been identified by the BLM as Wilderness Study Areas." Babbitt said that the BLM has "no particular acreage target," but the Secretary has said in the past that he would support about 5 million acres of Wilderness in southern Utah. Hansen responded to Babbitt's letter by calling it "pure politics," which would "only serve to inflame" the wilderness debate in Utah.

Many ethical and legal questions arose during the BLM's original Wilderness Inventory of its 22 million acres in Utah. Evidence points to the BLM basing wilderness recommendations not on the wilderness value of the lands inventoried but on potential resource conflicts which might arise if the lands were to become designated Wilderness. When BLM managers were made aware of possible commercial interest in a potential Wilderness Area the area was either redefined to eliminate the commercially valuable lands from consideration or else the entire area was dropped from consideration for Wilderness status. The BLM defended its actions by saying that it was trying to be "flexible," and when federal regulation prevented them from being flexible they asked Washington for "exceptions" to the regulations, something which did not occur in any of the other 10 western states undergoing Wilderness Inventories at the time. The result was BLM Wilderness recommendations which would allow for the butchering of large roadless areas and the destruction of one of the last vestiges of truly wild country in America (see Kincaid, *EF!J*, Samhain 1982).

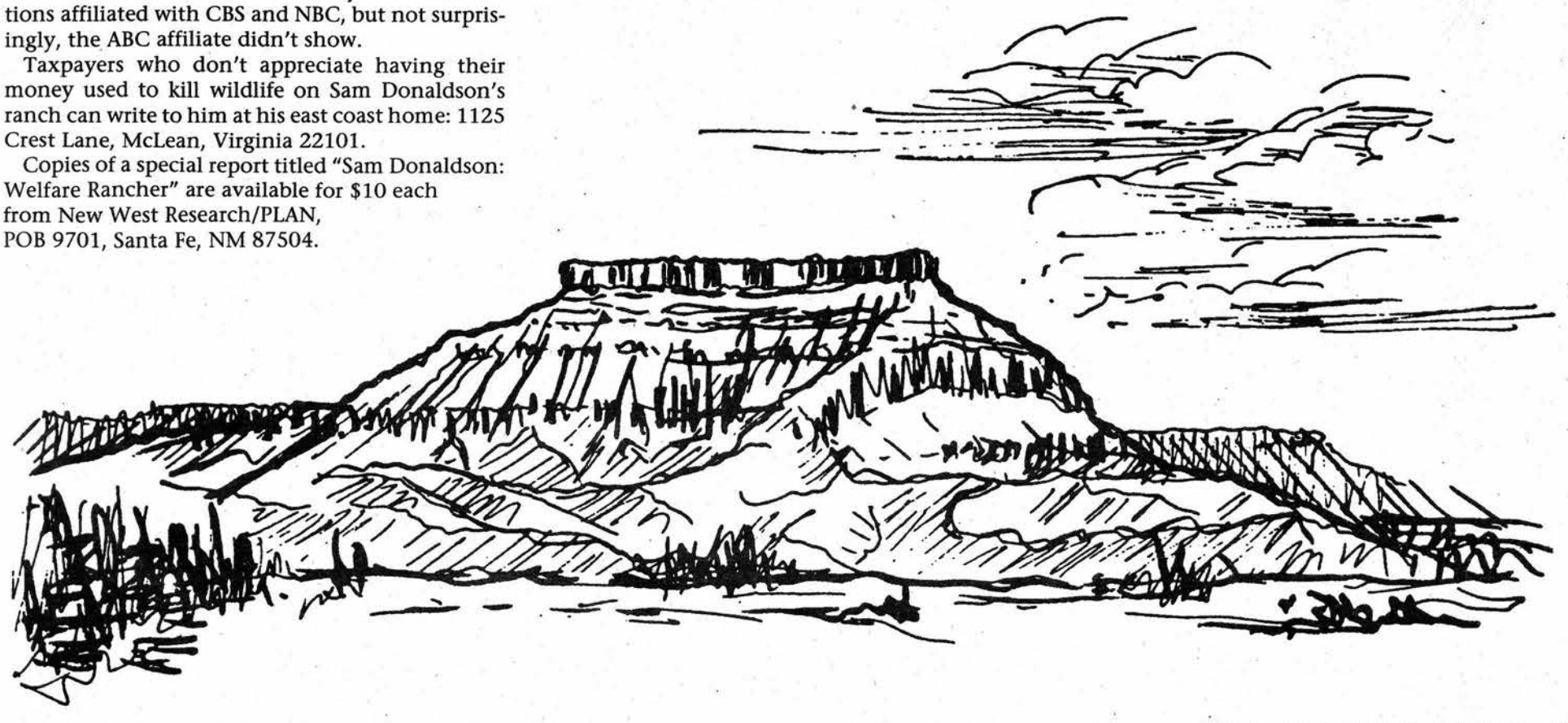
This new inventory is our opportunity to see the official record of southern Utah's wilderness potential set straight. The danger, however, is that Babbitt's BLM will look for the compromise and that their recommendations will be more than the original 1.8 million acres but less than the 5.7 million called for in HR 1500. We can't let this happen. We need to hold the good Secretary's feet to the fire on this one and drag Utah's Congresspeople over the hot coals.

WHAT YOU CAN DO:

Write your Congresspeople and tell them to support HR 1500, which would preserve 5.7 million acres of BLM land in southern Utah. Also tell them to oppose HR 1745/S 884, the industry-backed bill that would destroy Utah's wildlands.

Strap on your pack and pay a visit to the redrock country. Experience the rivers, the sunsets, and the life that teems in this great wilderness. Stop in at the local BLM office after your visit and tell them how much you'd like to see the area preserved. Patronize local businesses during your visit and if the setting seems right tell them about your trip, but be careful, it's open season on environmentalists in some Utah locales.

To get involved in defending this beautiful country contact the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance, 1471 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, UT, 84105. Tell 'em Joseph Smith sent ya.



DON'T GET CAUGHT OR YA

AN INTERVIEW WITH PEG MILLETT

INTERVIEW BY KIMBERLY DAWN

Peg Millett has been an Earth First! activist since the mid-1980s. In the late eighties she and four others were framed in an FBI sting operation. The Arizona Five, as they have become known, were arrested for conspiring to cut down a power line in 1989. After spending two and a half years in jail, Peg continues to be a powerful voice for the Earth First! movement, through her singing and continued activism.

I started interviewing Peg at the 1995 Earth First! Activist Conference in Austin, and after losing a good chunk of the juicy tidbits to the mini-cassette god, I finished in June of 1996. Although I officially met her in 1993, I knew of her since 1988 and thought I knew what information I wanted from the interview. Peg's a gabber and I took advantage of that—there were only a few questions she attempted to answer carefully—the rest of the time she was as open and unpretentious as I expected. However, as one question led to another I discovered so much more about Peg's history and who she is—it turns out she deserves a book, not just an interview. She's a fascinating woman who I am very proud to call my friend.

This is the second of two parts. Part one appeared in the last issue.

At this point you were on the run and would spend that night escaping through the desert. Can you go into exactly what happened?

I hit the wash and brushed past some paloverde and got a thorn in my thigh. I was in a panic before that, but then I got real calm. I began to travel towards Wenden [a nearby town]. I followed a turn in the wash and all of a sudden lights came on and this humongous helicopter rose out of the desert in front of me. Then I heard people behind me and in front of me. They were on foot and all had flashlights and were in the direction I wanted to go. The helicopter started to hover pretty close to me so I got under a paloverde tree and didn't move. I thought about infrared lenses and all that, so I didn't move a muscle and buried my face in the dirt. The helicopter hovered over me for a while and eventually moved on. I waited until it was far enough away and got up from under the tree. That dang helicopter came back and hovered over me at least three times that night and each time I hid under a paloverde.

I began to walk closer to the road. I noticed some airplanes flying over, really low and slow, so again I stopped and got really still. When the planes were gone I started walking again. The people on foot were walking in a line towards me and flashing lights around so I stopped again. I decided it was time to be a saguaro cactus. So while these guys were shining their lights over my face and over my body I *was* a cactus. I tried my hardest to think like a cactus and to be invisible and they didn't see me.

So you shapeshifted.

I shapeshifted. Every time they moved forward they would shine the lights forward, but when they stopped they would shine them all around. When they stopped I would be a cactus. Then they would move again and I would move and eventually I was on the other side of them. It was pretty amazing.

There was still some cover between me and the road. I heard someone yell, "Come on Peg, we're going to be out here all night. Let's go, come on in." I swore it was Mark Davis' voice, but later Mark said it wasn't. They just threw him in the paddy wagon and took him away. So there was someone imitating his voice—I'm pretty sure of it. When I heard him say, "We're going to be out here all night," I was thinking, "That's the idea, pal." I could see Wenden and could also look down into the basin the way I had just come.

There were cars everywhere down there; people with megaphones were calling out. The helicopter was-hovering and doing these big sweeping circles. Surveillance planes were above the helicopter flying circles above the whole mess. I'm standing there looking down on this, thinking, "Jesus Christ, is this all because of *us*?" I was blown away. They must've spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for all that. It just seemed all this mad, ridiculous running around was so absurd.

So I decided to leave them to their own devices down there and make my way to Wenden, which was about seven or eight miles. I figure I walked about 16 miles altogether that night.

I walked down the center of this great big open space which had been cleared so they could put the power lines in it. I was going parallel to the road to Wenden. These two trucks came barreling over the hill from the basin towards me and I thought, "Oh shit." I heard over the megaphone, "Peggy Millett, we have your identity. GIVE YOURSELF UP." They repeated it over and over again. Then a little tape of the patriarchal, cultural bullshit that I've been running all my life started going through my head, telling me that I was a bad girl—that I was making the authorities angry and I had no business doing that. That made me really despondent and I thought, "I should just turn myself in—I'll never be able to get away with this." But by the time I decided to turn myself in, the trucks were gone.

I decided there was no way I was going to backtrack for those bozos. I got to the road and I knelt down on the pavement and put my hands out in front of me. I was wearing black—in fact, a long sleeve Defend the Wilderness t-shirt. A car drove by but it didn't stop. I waited. About five or six more cars went by but not a one saw me. I finally broke off the bad girl tape in my head, got up and thought, "This is ridiculous! I'm getting the hell out of here. I'll get a lawyer and turn myself in later if I decide I want to do that."

I walked into the nearest wash by the road. I really began to revel in the desert, to feel the brush of the plants as I was walking by and notice the color of the night and the stars and the silhouettes and feeling the presence of other animals. I knew I was in my element—I was feeling really, really safe and really good. I also knew that I wasn't going to be there for long and I wanted to remember every detail of the night.

It was kind of chilly. I was very tired even though my adrenaline was pumping. I went quite a ways, then decided to sit down to rest. I heard a little movement next to me and looked down to see a rabbit. The rabbit was very still. But as I was sitting there I started to talk to the rabbit in a low whisper, and the rabbit decided it was okay and began to eat. I thought, "Wow, this is cool. I'm among my kin." I really felt what the deer feels when it's being hunted and I felt that the animals felt it too and that there was a camaraderie between us. At some point when I got up from my rest I walked through a group of javelina. They stopped and snorted at me, so I slowed down and they went about their business.

I heard coyotes call, and I called back and they called back to me. I felt so much a part of the desert—it was wonderful. I remember watching the stars turn in the sky, knowing that I wanted to cherish that night forever. I wanted to remember every aspect because I knew I was probably going to jail. I was thinking about where I could go and who would harbor me if I went underground. But I had a husband—and horses and land and a commitment to the earth. So I decided to take responsibility for being an idiot and for letting Fain into my life.

How did you get back to Prescott?

I saw the sunrise in the desert, then hitchhiked to Prescott and went to a friend's who harbored me—gave me a shower and some clean clothes. I called my mother and told her I was in big trouble. I got names and numbers of lawyers in Phoenix. By that time the story had broken in the papers, so the lawyers I talked to were excited that I was calling them. It was hilarious.

Of course it didn't occur to me how serious it was until I realized how much effort they spent on me, on us, that night. They were treating us like we were dangerous—which we weren't. That's a twist the Feds put on it that I didn't understand for a long time.

Why did you decide to go to work?

Because I was still in denial. I was thinking that if I just went to work nobody would notice. Ilse came to work for me 'cause the Feds told her that I was already in jail. When she saw me she looked as if she'd seen a ghost. She said, "Oh my God, let's go. Let's get out of here." And I said I couldn't.

Why didn't the Feds arrest Ilse the night before?

They had no warrants for her house—she lived downstairs from Mark, and they didn't have a legal way to get her. All the stuff they had on her was gotten illegally. Also, Ron Frazier was trying to keep her out of it. Later he approached her and told her the whole story—much to the chagrin of the Feds. It was his plan—he wanted her to become an informant.

Gee, that was thoughtful. So they spent a lot of money that night and a lot in court.

They spent an awful lot of money before that night. It took them a couple of years to get where we were. They paid Ron Frazier $53,000 for his part—not to mention all the other people they had on the payroll.

I understand that during the time leading up to the trial there was tension between Dave Foreman and Mark Davis. Davis wrote a two-part story for the *Journal* several years ago. *(Samhain and Yule, 1993)*

Mark and Dave were on different ends of the spectrum. They have very different world views. Dave Foreman is a politician, while Mark Davis lives by a code of honor. There are flaws in both of those approaches. They both did what they felt they had to do.

MIGHT GET FAMOUS:

Dave was ill a lot of the time—he had hepatitis. Mark was going through a lot of agony—all of us were extremely stressed. I don't know if their disagreement on whether to plead out had that much of an effect on me personally. I was pretty much focusing on my own terror and not paying attention to Dave and Mark's relationship.

I can't say what was going on with Dave in his own guts and heart, but I observed that he was very tired and wanted to get out of the situation. I think the major thing is that Dave Foreman didn't want to continue with the trial and Mark Davis did. I'm glad we didn't continue—Mark would disagree with me. So we pleaded out. We were in court from around June 10 until September 19.

That was in 1991.

'91. I walked into jail on October 3. It was a difficult decision for all of us to make. I'm glad we stayed with solidarity. I'm really glad!

You feel it was solidarity? Despite tensions between Foreman and Davis?

Foreman was willing to accept five years of probation. That's no big deal. He had a misdemeanor—he walked. We all had felonies. They could have hung Foreman with what Mark might have said but Mark has a code of honor and he chose not to do that.

From the time before the power lines action up to your jail time you decided to take a back seat in a lot of the decision making. How does that affect your outlook now?

By that time I had given up my power sufficiently and significantly to Mike Fain and Mark Davis. I was pretty much pulling my energy out of the situation. The more he got involved the more I gave up my part in the whole scenario.

At your sentencing you sang the Walkin' Jim Stoltz song, *Forever Wild*. That seems like an important moment for you.

Yeah, I *love* that song! We all got to say something to the judge before sentencing. We were expected to say that we were really sorry and all that, but I wasn't sorry at all—well, I was sorry I got caught. So I got up there and I talked about the discrepancy between our realityand what the Feds and the defense where portraying. The Feds portrayed us as egomaniac, grandiose, frothing at the mouth terrorists—that we were very dangerous—which we weren't. Maybe we were grandiose but we weren't dangerous. And the defense was portraying us as the gang that couldn't shoot straight, a bunch of bumbling idiots. We certainly looked like it at times.

Nonetheless, we were there for the earth and for the desperate situation that we're all in. We were experimenting with actions that would be very costly and garner a lot of attention. We wanted attention brought to these issues. So I sang the song as my statement. It was a very powerful experience for me—really powerful. I know it was powerful for all the people that were there. We forget a lot of times when we're fighting, especially in a courtroom, that the status quo is devoid of all logic and reality—the reality we know—the earth. All that stuff gets lost in the courtroom, so I brought it back with a song. I think that was a really important thing.

You were in jail for 24 months, including the halfway house. I know that singing and spirituality helped you get through that time.

By the time I went to prison I had gone through the wringer. My marriage had ended—I was officially divorced a week before entering prison. So singing and spirituality helped me turn jail into more of a monastic experience. It was also like I was in a harem in a certain way without all the luxuries of a harem—a non-gilded cage. I learned about my spiritual relationship with the earth and the universe. And singing is an integral part of that for me. Physically it's resting, 'cause when I sing, my whole body vibrates—I'm like a bell vibrating. The trees want us to thank them, they appreciate us thanking them, it's very important. One of the ways I thank the earth for my life is singing.

Singing is an exercise—it develops my lungs and has all these good physical things. Then there are non-physical things, non-tangible. There's the seeing world that we know and the unseen world. I believe that singing for me is a way to bridge that gap, to open communication so that when I stop singing I can hear—listen to the little voice. I cultivated a kind of interchange—dialogue—with the unseen forces of the earth, and life and sky.

Whenever I get on stage I bare my whole soul for the earth. I want people to learn something from my experience so they can free themselves to work. If we don't we won't have seven generations down the line. Every time I go to a conference and listen to activists talk about what they're doing, it's overwhelming! It's mind-boggling. So I guess my role is to help people access their energy and their power. Singing is one of the ways that I get it across. I also have lessons and stories. But the singing bypasses the brain stuff and gets right to the heart.

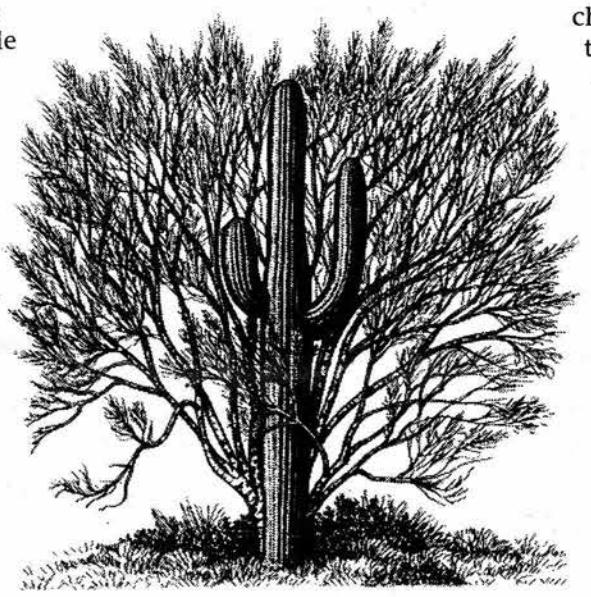
When you were in jail you also performed what I know as magic.

There are many different types of magic. Magic is like everything—it gets better if you practice it. It's powerful stuff and so should not be taken lightly. Anyone who's a shaman knows what that means. Everyyone has the capacity to do it and everyone in this movement has felt it. If you're going to do the work we're doing and you're willing to take the risks we're willing to take, then you must have some connection with magic.

Magic was something I consciously cultivated. I worked on different disciplines, different ways people do magic. I pretty much call myself a pagan these days and work magic from different peoples. The Celts and the Wicca people, the Druids—they're more or less my genetic heritage. I also work in the context of the land especially through native people's connection with magic. It's all the same energy and it's all pretty similar. Yes, I did magic—I closed circles, I said prayers, I burned sage, I poured water on the sweats while I was in prison.

You were allowed to do a sweat lodge because you signed up for Native American religion?

Well yeah, they didn't have pagan. They had Native American religion and I said I'll take that one. The chaplain said I had to declare myself something. I had priests come to visit me and I went to mass and did communion because I'm a recovering Catholic. Catholicism has some ties to paganism, but I'm also very connected to the earth in a way that Catholicism doesn't address, so the Native American religion is what I chose. I had already learned how to pour water and tend the fire before I went to jail—although I never considered myself a sweat lodge leader.



Paloverde with Saguaro

Do you think the FBI was successful? They didn't break EF!, but did they change Dave Foreman?

Dave Foreman was headed in that direction already, and they just hastened it. That's all.

But EF! is still here. We're growing in knowledge and experience, we're moving away from being all white, middle class people and we're becoming more involved in coalition building, which I think is extremely important.

I think it [the bust] was very good for us—it was a reality check. We all needed to learn to hone our skills and clean up our closets and to become better equipped as warriors so that we don't miss the mark. For me it was very important to go through—it was a major educational experience that I could not have gotten any other way! I call it the ballpene hammer method of enlightenment. It sure isn't a very pleasant method but it was a good educational experience for me.

If there's one thing you've learned from your experiences with the FBI what would it be?

To take responsibility for my actions. I didn't take responsibility for myself and I gave my spiritual power to Davis and my physical power to Fain—that is, he physically took my place during the recon and planning of the action. It wasn't anything they did. It was me giving my power over.

Now I know it's important to pay attention when I feel the urge to give up responsibility for myself in relationships—I have to be honest with myself. I guess it's a co-dependent thing.

So now what?

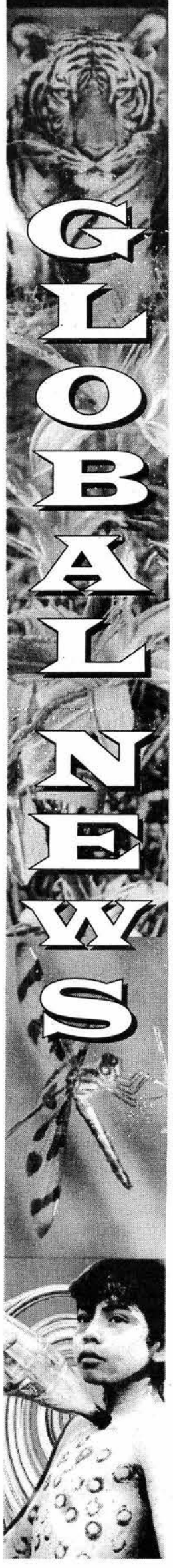
Right now I'm working on healing my relationship with myself and other people. I have 14 acres that I'm doing a restoration project on. I hope to build a house there. I want to build it in a way that won't be an encumbrance on the land—so that the land and I enhance each other. Of course I'm still doing activism and am still a part of the movement.

I'm looking for funding to pay someone to transcribe my prison notes. I'm also teaching singing and working with more musicians. I'd really like to do a roadshow—if people are out there who want to put one together, please, please, please get hold of me. I'm looking into the possibilities of following the range of the goshawk—from southern Alaska to northern Mexico—doing a roadshow around endangered species. Also I'm thinking about putting something together in the Northwest—I love the Northwest. I have a single act but I would like to be a part of something with other people.

What I sing can be applied to all of us—it can be used for any campaign that anyone's working on. Singing is my gift—I can do that. I'm a *lousy* monkeywrencher. If I was good at monkeywrenching I'd still be doing it, but I clearly had to stop. So I wanna be productive and monkeywrenching just isn't my bag. It's exciting and it's fun and it's very dangerous—but I got in with the wrong people. FBI agents don't usually make very good monkeywrenching partners.

Get out!

No, it's true!



Bobbies Barrage Brighton Beach

BY ALEC SMART

On August 24, an environmental action in Brighton organized by the Reclaim The Streets network developed a near-farcical momentum when a massive police operation staked their own counterclaim to the strategically chosen streets. At 2:00 pm, the crowd of an estimated 800 revelers began to move off from the gathering point of Churchill Square, bouncing aloft over 70 beach balls, inflated specifically for the running theme of a Beach Party. They'd scarcely traveled half a kilometer when over 300 police officers from all over Sussex (with reinforcements from Kent and Thames' Valley) moved in to contain the mass.

It was clear at the outset, according to those monitoring the situation, that a street reclamation party would never take hold. Police had the town of Brighton under meticulous surveillance from early morning, and one by one, the Reclaim The Streets support crew were intercepted and arrested. Police confiscated vital props and blockading apparatus necessary for the reclamation. The organizers planned to dump one ton of sand on the roads and recreate a beach in the intersection. "Suspect Items", such as bags of sand and an inflatable castle intended for a children's play area, along with sound systems, generators, a reconstructed car and *papier mâché* sharks were intercepted.

Soon the demonstrators were hemmed in on West Street, ironically, the actual site secretly planned in advance by the organizers. Police officers divided the crowd into "manageable" groups. Amidst the sandwiched revelers, tempers unfortunately burst like the beach balls stamped on by riot police boots. Soon, heads were bloodied by batons, and bank holiday weekend spectators witnessed ugly brawling as the constabulary dragged struggling protesters to awaiting prison vans.

Then the crowd effectively split and the preponderance roamed central Brighton for several hours, randomly blockading major junctions and clambering over halted vehicles with weary police in arrears. By 5:30 pm the itinerant herd reached the sea front, and thence dissipated.

There were 79 arrests at the Brighton Reclaim The Streets demonstration—the largest mass arrest in Britain since the Poll Tax resisters running battle with mounted police in Trafalgar Square in 1990. The police canceled all leave for their officers to ensure a sufficient force to stop the protest in its tracks.

A Reclaim the Streets action has two primary objectives: first, to create a traffic-free zone, preferably on a busy interchange (or as in London on 20 July, a Motorway (see front page). The immediate impact of this is obvious. Gridlock is created as vehicles forced to detour inevitably congest lesser back streets. A traffic-free road is a curiosity, free from toxic vehicle emissions, attracting media interest and willing participants in the synergy of finding an alternate use for the space.

Secondly, to instill in the public imagination images of cities not built around private car use, but rather people-friendly community space where children can play and pedestrians stroll in safety. These needn't be sterile economic zones, such as security-patrolled commercial shopping malls, but parks, market trading-places and commons.

In Brighton, the first objective was easily realized. Although the target street was not held in any significant sense (despite traffic being diverted around it), the entire town was subsequently gridlocked by the roving conglomerate of blockaders.

photo by Alec Smart

Bouncy beach balls brighten Brighton.

However, the essential second objective, a people-friendly space, fell far short of the ideal. An anxious gathering of hundreds anticipating a large party is soon vexed when police draw truncheons and attempt to disperse them. No contingency plans existed if the police were successfully to prevent the action, and so the day became an exercise in police evidence-gathering and crowd-control rehearsal, whilst the directionless crowd engaged in the redundant technique of confrontationalism. To witness frightened children in family cars peering out of windows whilst crop-haired men jumped up and down on the car bonnets leaves one questioning our commitment to communitarian politics. The inevitable backlash came from angry shopkeepers and confused bypassers condemning the "anarchist mob" and suggesting we should "get jobs and not waste taxpayers' money." Heard that a million times before. Don't think we made our point, eh?

There have been 15 successful Reclaim The Streets actions in Britain since the start of 1995, but in Brighton it met its Waterloo. No doubt the police response was escalated by the fact that the last big action in London on July 20, resulted in the M4 motorway being dug up with a pneumatic drill. Trees were then planted in the craters. The repair bill was announced to be approximately £20,000.

There's no denying that environmental politics remains the mainstay of direct activism in Britain, and this is how it derives its success. Through mass-mobilization of concerned people and a network of sympathetic media outlets, issues such as road-building and ozone depletion remain in public consciousness. But automobile manufacturers and road lobbies hold tremendous power in decision-making over how communities are built and serviced. It takes more than a day in Brighton's police cells to influence public opinion and change the infrastructure of a city.

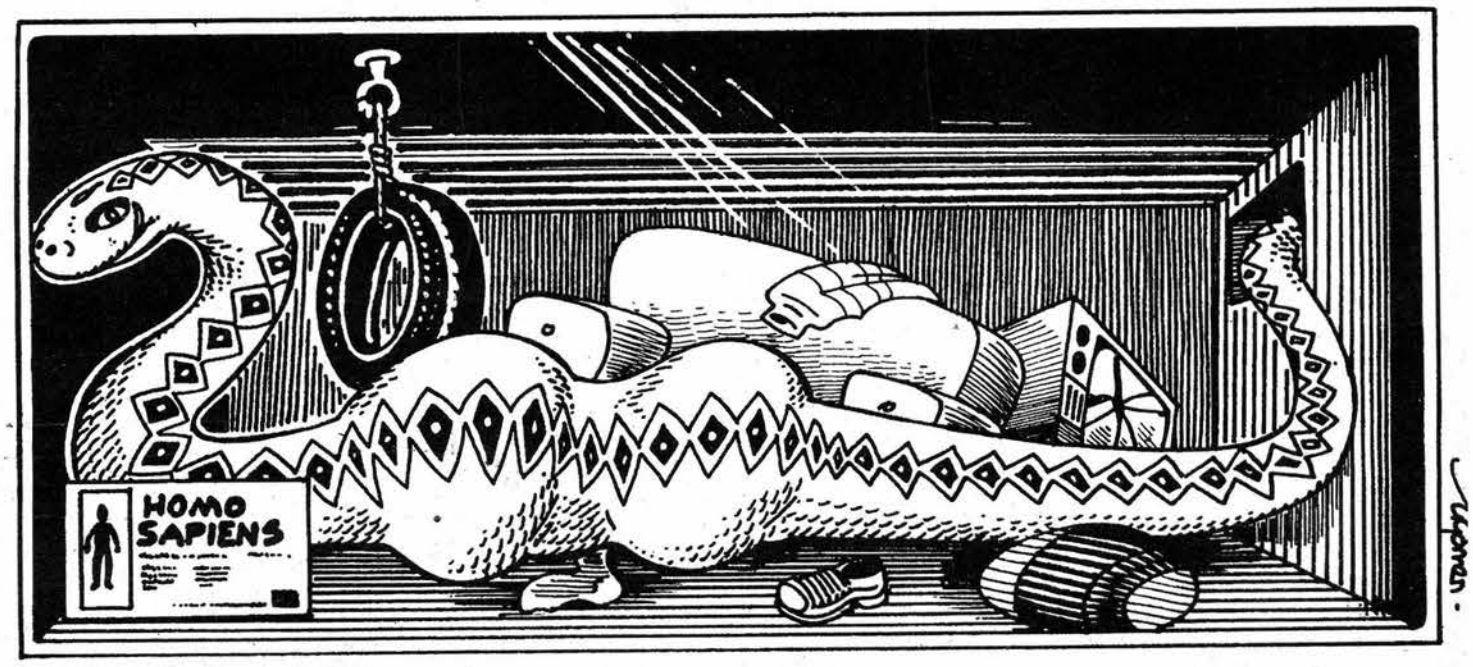
Three days before the Brighton Reclaim The Streets, the government launched a National Air Quality Strategy to crack down on toxic particulate-matter emissions. Unfortunately, it is to be implemented over the next decade. The Shadow Environment Secretary Michael Meacher said, "After 17 years of inaction, it is surely too little, too late. The government has contributed to our appalling transport crisis and pollution problems through bus deregulation, rail privatization and rising road chaos."

Another environmental group, Transport 2000, responding to calls from residents' associations and green issues groups, has commenced a campaign to help communities reclaim their local streets. The "Streets For People" campaign was launched on August 17, 1996 on a 100-meter stretch of turfed-over road at Methley Terrace in Yorkshire. Adrian Sinclair of Methley's Neighborhood Action arranged for Methley Terrace to be covered over by rolls of grass for a weekend, supplied by local firm Inturf. He explained, "The houses here have no gardens and the streets are the only public spaces we have. We have to make better use of them." The street took four hours to turf. Throughout the weekend community events were staged, including "Methley's Olympics" (featuring a downhill egg and spoon race) and screening of the Australian film "Strictly Ballroom," which residents attended in ball gowns.

Garel Rhys, a motor industry professor at Cardiff Business School, declared, "When mass motoring arrives in China and India in about 2020, we will get to a level of emissions the world cannot sustain." Er, when you go out in the world today, share the journey with someone. Better still, leave the car at home.

Contact Reclaim the Streets at POB 9656, London N4 4YJ; phone, 0171281 4621; E-mail: rts@gn.apc.org.

THY BROTHER'S (ZOO)KEEPER



Denmark's Copenhagen Zoo has added two new primates to its collection of baboons, orangutans, chimps and lemurs—a local couple representing Homo Sapiens.

Living out their daily lives in a perspex-walled mini-apartment between the baboons and a pair of ruffed lemurs, acrobat Henrik Lehmann and newspaper employee Malene Botoft say they hope to make visiting humans think about themselves and their origins. Hopefully, zoo visitors will also be able to empathize with animals who are condemned to live their lives in cages.

"The most visited animals in the zoo, apart from the predators, are the apes, because we see in them something of ourselves. This puts that similarity into context," Lehmann told reporters over a beer in the couple's small but cozy air-conditioned enclosure. The couple did most of the installation work themselves.

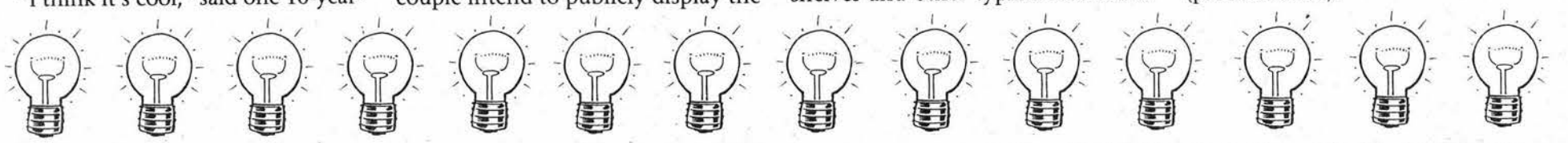
The enclosure, complete with a standard zoo label giving details of Homo Sapiens' habitat, diet and other key statistics, was surrounded by enthusiastic children and slightly more reticent adults.

"I think it's cool," said one 10-year-old. "It's certainly an interesting idea," his mother added. Lehmann said that adults seem to feel more comfortable looking at "the real apes," where they are uninhibited by social conventions against staring, while children have no reservations about pressing their noses against the humans' perspex walls.

He said he is frequently asked if the couple intend to publicly display the more intimate areas of human activity, but said that was not their intention as "it's not interesting."

The enclosure has a combined kitchen-living room, an adjoining bedroom and a small workshop where Lehmann works at his passion—restoring classic British motorcycles.

It also boasts a sofa, chairs, bookshelves and other typical features of the human habitat; fax, computer, television, stereo and telephone. Toilet and washing facilities are in a nearby zoo building. Perhaps the experiment would have been made more interesting if the humans were in their original, natural habitat, but it seems ironically fitting that people were caged with their material trappings (pun intended).



FLOATING NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS:

a bright new way to light up your idea bulbs

Construction of the world's first floating nuclear power plant is underway in Russia, and engineers hope to have it ready to operate by 2001, a prospect that fills environmentalists with horror but has Russia looking south for potential buyers.

Andrei Gagarinsky, vice president of the Russian Nuclear Society and head of international relations at the Kurchatov Institute in Moscow, confirmed that the first of the plants was under construction after years of financial delays.

The threat of ecological catastrophe from accidents involving oil tankers is obviously dwarfed when compared to a sea disaster involving a floating nuclear power plant. A major area of concern with these plants must be containment. The Chernobyl explosion blew the reactor lid, a 2,000-ton block of concrete, into the air. These vessels will not even have that sort of protection. This poses a clear risk to both the marine and land environment.

Russia has long planned to build a series of small floating nuclear power plants for use in remote regions that are not connected to the national grid or to replace thermal nuclear power plants that have grown too expensive because of high fuel transportation costs.

"Russia will need at least 15 small, low-power floating nuclear power plants," says Gagarinsky. "They will be used in inaccessible regions of the Far East, extreme North, Altay Territory and the Kola Peninsula." There are around 50 sites deemed by the government as suitable for such reactors along Russia's Arctic coastline. The first plant will be sited at the Arctic seaport of Pivek in the Chukotka Peninsula in the far Northeast. It will be operated by 40 to 50 people working in shifts and has a design life of around 40 years.

The largely state-owned *Malaya Energetika* ("Small Energy") company is hoping to market the reactor design internationally. The company believes there is an international market for at least 100 plants. Gagarinsky further noted that Russia is the world leader in small nuclear power plant production and sees them as potential exports, especially to developing countries. Countries in the Middle East, Africa and Latin America, in addition to Indonesia, the Philippines, South Korea, China and Vietnam have already expressed considerable interest in this design.

The floating plant is essentially a ship with two small pressurized water reactors (PWRs) known as KLT-40s, adapted from those used to power Russia's nuclear icebreakers.

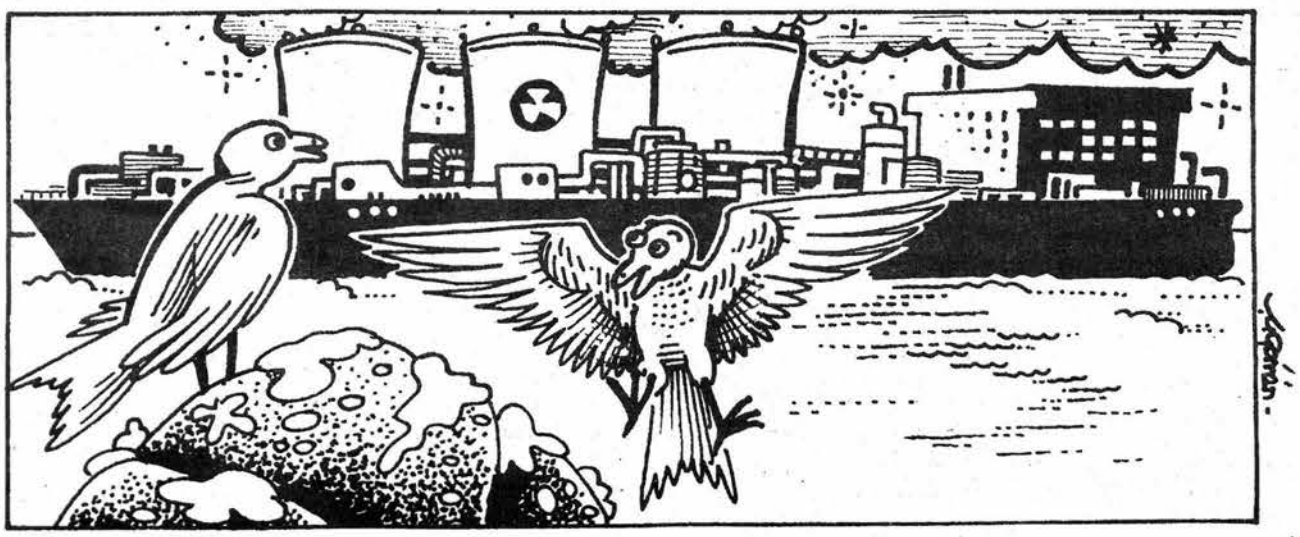
Spent fuel and wastes will be stored on board the plant and, every 13 years, it will be towed 4,000 kilometers through Arctic seas for maintenance and fuel reloading.

During this procedure, which will take around a year, a substitute floating plant will be put in place. The first plant is expected to cost $254 million and will take six years to build. A ship reactor accident at a shipyard on the Russian Pacific coast in 1985 killed several people and left areas of Chazma Bay contaminated.

By simultaneously manufacturing the reactor, floating base and support facilities, construction time could be reduced to as little as three and a half years from the signing of any contract. In the event of large scale manufacture, unit costs could be reduced to $180 million each.

Please send letters of protest to the Chairman of Government of Russia, Viktor Chernomyrdin Russia, Moscow, Kremlin, Government of Russian Federation; the Minister of Environmental Protection of Russia, Viktor Danilov-Danilian, Bolshaya Gruzinskaya 4/6, Moscow 123812, Russia; and the Minister of Atomic Energy, Viktor Mikhailov Bolshaya Ordynka 24, Moscow 10100, Russia.

Let us know about your support. International Nuclear Campaigner, Vladimir Sliviak X-USSR Antinuclear Campaign, Socio-Ecological Union, POB 211, 121019 Moscow, Russia; phone/fax7-095-2983087; ECODEFENSE!, POB 1477, 236000 Kaliningrad, Russia. Tel/fax +7-0112-437286; E-mail: ecodefense@glas.apc.org, ed@cci.glasnet.ru; http://cci.glasnet.ru/antinuclear.html.



The Earth Liberation Front

BY TARA THE SEA ELF

Many people are now aware of the Earth Liberation Front (ELF) mainly through the alternative press. Their actions have been largely censored by the mainstream press because they may incite others to take action. But how did the ELF start and what makes it different from other environmental movements or organizations?

The ELF solidified in 1992 at the first UK Earth First! gathering in Brighton, England. Earth First! had begun to impact the environmental movement in Britain through actions at Twyford Down and tropical hardwood blockades in Liverpool. Earth First! originated in the US, where it was associated with monkeywrenching. Earth First! in Britain had threatened sabotage when necessary, but up until April '92, very few acts had been publicized. Around the same time as the gathering, a major attack on Peat Moor in Yorkshire, causing nearly £500,000 of damage, brought greater public attention to Earth First! and environmental direct action. But the EF! movement was not ready for it. Many condemned the sabotage, frightened that it could destroy their image or links with other groups. Some activists were also worried about government harassment of activists, similar to what had happened in the US where Earth First!ers were set up by the FBI and imprisoned for sabotage. Others, many of whom had been involved in radical politics, the *Green Anarchist* and animal liberation for years, advocated the need to separate the two types of actions, with one group taking up each. Earth First! could continue its public non-violent activities, while a second group could concentrate upon sabotage and more aggressive actions against corporations. ELF took on this role.

Of course, what no one could have predicted was the way in which the two movements would become so incredibly different. Most of this stemmed from the fact that ELF evolved with the Animal Liberation Front (ALF), rooted in the confrontational nature of European activism. From the beginning, ELF took on a much more international flavor, focusing on the complexities of how industry worked and the way multinationals operated through sub-companies.

ELF dumped the American baggage that had followed Earth First! to Britain, especially the macho, male-oriented "eco-warrior image," which was set in American pioneering culture. ELF also disavowed the reactionary, apolitical rantings about population controls and immigration that some EF!ers in the US were voicing. Instead, ELF looked to Europe for its history of radical change, with Autonome, the squatting movement, the Luddites, Levellers, Diggers, etc., giving a social as well as an ecological flavor to how people lead and pursued their lives and their actions.

ELF also perpetuates the legends of the "Little People," which in most European countries have a history of causing trouble, being mischievously always heard, but never seen. These "mythical creatures" lived close to the earth in most legends. Some ELF activists assumed elf names when writing articles, sending in press statements, etc. It was a humorous thing with a serious nature that just took off. ELF has no command structure or solid network, each group is independent. There is no press officer or office, so the authorities have

nowhere to trace or focus their eyes and ears. ELF units attack, cause damage and then let either the target company or the press know that ELF was responsible. As with the European legends, the Elves are rarely seen, but no one doubts their existence.

Many Elves, sick of empty promises of action that in the end only came to compromises, declared a series of annual "Earth Nights" where all radical groups could take action at the same time and would give common ground to earth and animal liberationists. *[See "ELF Haloween Smash," page 35.]*

The first Earth Night, on Halloween '92, was quite a success, with machines at Twyford and a few other "front-line sites" being destroyed. At the same time Elves were producing various pamphlets on how to destroy machinery and buildings, plus lists of addresses of companies and their directors. The pamphlets proved very successful and put road companies such as Tarmac on the alert, causing them to waste thousands of pounds on security. One ELF clan produced a magazine entitled *Partizan*, which changed the direction of ecological actions in Britain, because it openly declared all out war on the road companies, giving tips on destroying machines and printing directors' addresses. More importantly, *Partizan* made the link between animal and earth liberation, listing ALF along with ELF raids.

The *Green Anarchist* reported the occurrence of more covert actions. Sadly, Earth First! was a little reluctant to mention these activities. But other groups welcomed ELF, especially the anarchist movement who praised ELF for inviting all groups concerned with human liberation and antifascism to join in on Earth Night.

Many in ELF began to realize that the goals of deep ecology, social ecology, etc., were divisive and somewhat theoretical. They only discussed ways to lead one's life, not how to demolish the system beforehand. This is not to say that these theories don't have any relevance. Ideas are necessary to push society forward, but in many cases they fail to show that to achieve these ecotopias, you first have to defeat the system that is destroying the Earth. From this discussion, the term "revolutionary ecology" emerged and ELF began to analyze what was occurring in Mexico with the Zapatistas and the tactics of revolutionary groups in the past, such as the Angry Brigade. They operated in covert decentralized ways, but more importantly, they bridged gaps with other groups to bring them in on actions and to provide a unified movement to take on the huge array of forces stacked against them. By combining the philosophies of social and deep ecology with the tactics of other revolutionary groups, ELF formed something new and desperately needed: a practical resistance movement that had teeth and claws as well as rhetoric.

Elves began to make links with groups abroad. Arguably the most successful links were with the Dutch, resulting in lengthy media exposure of the Hallowe'en Earth Nights in 1993. Earth Night in Holland began with the torching of a tanker at Schipol airport followed on consecutive nights with the destruction of cars, road machines, hunting lodges, vivisection labs, etc., causing millions of guilders in damage. Raids by the Dutch ELF have continued, the most recent being the bombing of a toxic waste dump in April '96. The Dutch have a history of such responses. One only has to recall the mid '80s, when South African apartheid was targeted and Shell stations and Amro Bank offices being burned regularly.

ELF's popularity spread not just to the Netherlands, but also to Germany, where activists pulled off daring actions with ELF groups and self-styled "Eco-Commandos" attacking Shell stations over the Brent Spar and most recently over the Nigerian hanging of Ken Saro-Wiwa. MuckDonald's received the odd brick or firebomb through their window. In Canada, ELF's sister, the Earth Liberation Army, attacked lumber yards and hunting lodges.

Back in Britain, ELF activities increased, more Shell stations were hit, more diggers and road offices targeted. In 1994, Elves made a daring raid on the Department of Transport, taking vital documents and destroying computers and papers. Meanwhile across the sea, the arrival of the Environmental Rangers in the US, who, like the Mohawks or the American Indian Movement, are prepared to take up arms to defend wilderness, shows an evolution of Earth First! and realization that tactics must become more revolutionary if we are to really going to "save the planet." All these groups reflect the philosophy of many First Nations across the world, that you have to show your enemy how serious you are in defending what you regard as sacred.

ELF is not a "radical environmental group", it is an ecological resistance movement, that embraces eco-feminism, animal, earth and human liberation. Its goal is to preserve what we have left, take back what has been destroyed, and above all, defend the very existence that we and other species have. And if that means taking on the multinationals, then so be it! The greatest weapons are imagination and the ability to strike when least expected. Also, targets should not be only the vivisection labs, but also the very foundation of capitalism: the sources of profit. Concentrating on these targets is vital, as the Shell campaign has shown. The sheer concentration of damage sends shudders down the companies' backs. Aiming energies at these routes undermines the very foundation the state relies upon and makes it more difficult for it to retain control.

We must see our fight as a holistic one covering all the many areas of oppression and tutelage. A lot of emphasis has been put upon roads, rainforests and mining, but there are other targets even more sinister and closer to home. Our own bodies are being mutated and tampered with through biotechnology and genetic engineering. This affects not only us, but the millions of animals who are being used by companies to test their products. The same companies are tampering with crops so that third world countries can become more reliant upon mono-crops and Western aid. More disturbing is the realization that our own species is changing its genetic structure because of the severe changes to the environment we are causing. The way in which we are now physically maturing earlier (some girls experiencing their menstruation before the age of six), the high infertility of both sexes, etc., is based upon the food we digest, the water we drink, the chemicals we purchase. The whole infrastructure of how we live has been controlled and dominated by an elite fueled by one purpose, greed, with only more misery for the generations that follow.

Recent raids on the *Green Anarchist*, Earth Liberation Prisoners and the ALF support group in Britain only go to show that the state is determined to silence any threat to its existence. The government senses that there is an international movement growing, and they are working through Interpol and other security networks to undermine and destroy it. But it's pointless, as the animal liberation cause has shown. For every one put behind bars, ten will be inspired to take action.

Elves send their solidarity and greetings to the ELF, Earth Liberation Army and Environmental Rangers in the US. We hope actions multiply tenfold. ELF is growing, and its message is a simple one: We are fighting a war for the survival of our planet, so let's hit the scum who are causing it with everything we can muster. Roll on Earth Night! No compromise!

For all those who despise academic environmental magazines and like a good bit of inspiration, read the fictional book, Quest for Faradawn. *It basically sums up what we are fighting for.*

Earth First!

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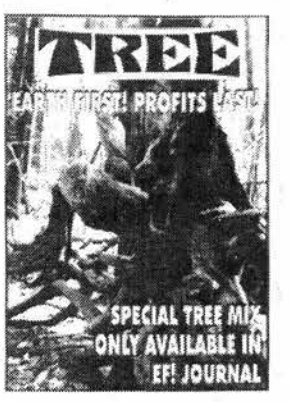

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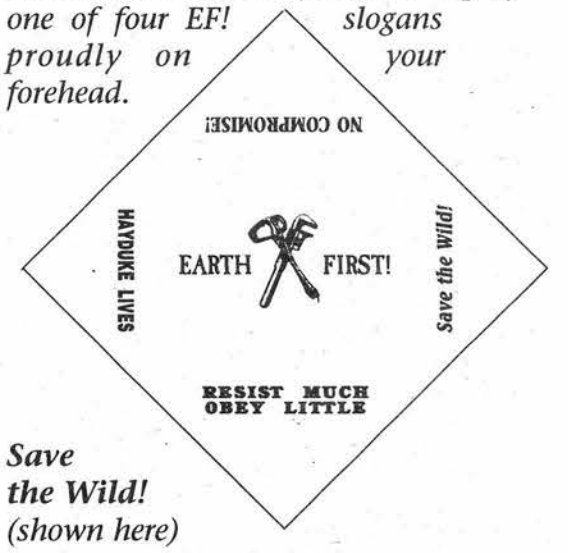

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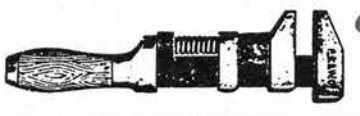

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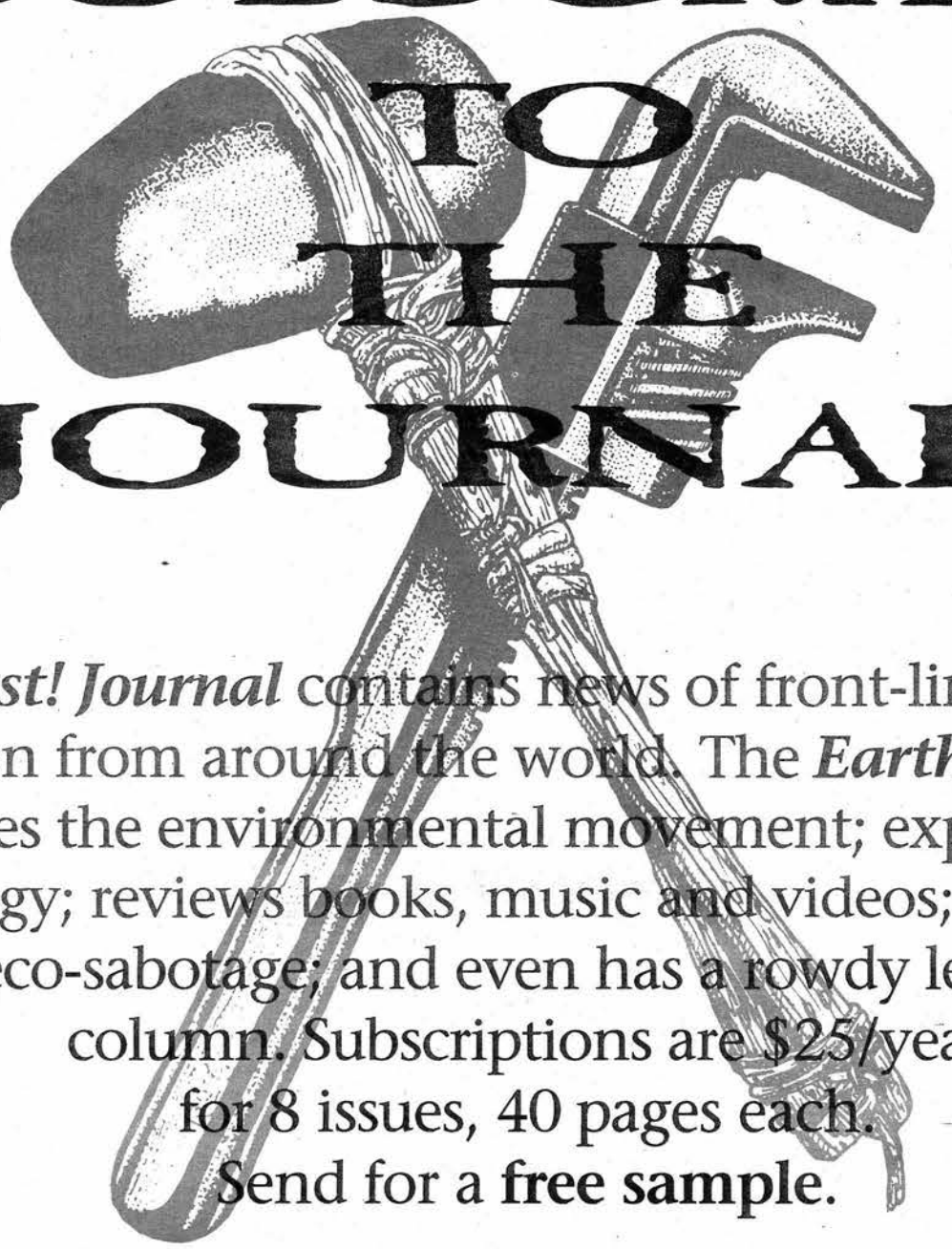

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HYPER BOYCOTT the WORLD

The Earth First! Journal *does not condemn or condone any illegal activities the arguments presented here might encourage. Hey man, not even the whole editorial staff agrees with this article, but we all think it's funny as hell.*

BY RADCON

OOOOOUCH! HOT! DAMN CAN'T TYPE! OOOHEEE! Damn this keyboard's hot! That is a big drawback of the hyper-boycott. This fine laptop computer I am working on is my favorite item obtained in my effort to hyper-boycott the world.

I know from traveling around that some people who receive this choice rag probably don't know what a hyper-boycott is, and some will be opposed to the hyper-boycott. So here is the lowdown. A hyper-boycott is a more effective form of the traditional boycott. Simply choose a company that needs to be boycotted. These will only need to fit one of my three easy criteria: 1) Involves currency; 2) Has a roof, wheels, window, or products; 3) Has workers. Don't get too picky about who needs the hyper-boycott because the fact is ALL businesses fuck up Gaia. (Be good now, stop rationalizing just because you're scared).

OK, now we have established where to carry out the hyper-boycott. Let's quickly discuss why. Business is evil and is killing Gaia and us working fucks. Boycotts fuck up businesses. Hyper-boycotts really fuck up businesses. This is easy to comprehend. But if some fucking granola-eating, BMW-driving, earth yuppie accidentally picks this up in some coffee shop and still denies my bold claims, I'll tell you what any other ghetto youth would tell you: "Fuck You!"

Now let's have fun, fun, fun 'til Radio Shack takes my keyboard away! This is the "HOW TO" section of the show. We will go through some items which are quick and easy to hyper-boycott and are either really useful or easy to turn into cash.

1) Laptops: Like I said before, consider the criteria. Radio Shack luckily fit my ethical parameters.

This is a team sport and will require one decoy who will essentially be off the hook if the shit goes down. You'll need to have a handy pair of small "side-cutters" (basically pliers that ONLY cut). Wear a hat to cover your hair color, preferably a baseball cap because every joe fucking shmoe wears one nowadays. If you live in hicksville, try a cowboy hat on for size. Just make sure all garments are appropriate for running, i.e. will not fall off and provide evidence.

Walk in as two separate customers, further reducing liability for the co-conspirator. Look straight, both of you. I know you hippies hate this but just tough it out. As you expected, the decoy must take the help to the other end of the store. At this point the one with the cutters QUICKLY walks up to the display laptops, eyeballs the most expensive one, examines the restraint devise (IMPORTANT: if restraint device has a warning, heed it and don't go to the next step). If the restraint is just a little steel cable with no plastic on it, clip it like a champ. Then shut the top like you own it, unplug the power supply and make for the door. Don't worry about the power supply unit—you can buy one later. Also just leave, do not try and be cute and shove the unit down your pants or in a bag. Play it cool and walk out, they look so generic no one will even think anything. Also don't look at the cameras in the store just look straight ahead. We have all seen the dipshits who do the "Hey, Jim Bob what's this here?" with the fucking camera and provide a Sears-quality portrait for the cops. Don't look up. Don't look down. The bill of your hat covers you.

At this point the decoy should still be asking asinine questions of the poor sales person. Note to the decoy: give your buddy lots of time to make tracks. Then meet up later and play cards 'til dawn. Don't worry about weird tracking devices or secret codes. Once you're gone, you're gone. Although I would discourage purchasing the power supply unit in the same town.

Now are you getting the idea? By boycotting you cost this company a couple bucks here and there. By hyper-boycotting you cost them three grand and get a cool prize.

2) Levi's 501s: Now these are my personal favorite. My brother thinks I'm weird because I dig a chump gig like this. But Levi's is a union-busting, planet-trashing loser.

You have two good things if you boost 501's. Either you have the freshest work pants in the ditch, or you can easily turn them into cash at any of the "We buy Levis 501" joints. You can receive up to $15 per pair but don't accept less than $7. The first couple pairs you can return to the store and get the retail price. But after a couple, knock it off because you are in the database.

Now, how to hyper-boycott 501's: First double-check the store to see if it fits the strict hyper-boycott criteria.

You can work this with or without a partner. If you have a partner follow the same steps as in the Laptop deal.

Your clothes are important in this gig. Wear loose slacks or jeans that look nice. Wear high socks and/or boots. Once again, image equals success. Look straight. Walk in.

Don't fuck around with browsing through the whole store. This especially applies to males. Head to the men's section, and find "your" size. If you wear a 32" 32" normally, grab a 31" 31" and two 32" 32"s. Head to the dressing room. If you need a key don't sweat it. In fact, chatting with the workers is very good form. Once you're in the dressing room you are cool, it is unlawful to monitor customers in the dressing room. Put on the too-small size first

(ooh feels sexy). Now put on the other pair (ugh... this hurts). Two notes on tags here—leave ALL tags on, including the ink warning tags (we'll deal with those in a minute). If they have rectangular thin tags or anything that says "electronic," bag it. You'll get nailed with the these, and that's embarrassing.

Now you've got two pairs under your pants, cuffs tucked in your socks and no unnatural lumps. Yippee! Head for the door. Drop off the remaining pair on the rack, taking care to fold them so it looks like you had them on. If the worker approaches you just say, "Wow, thanks. I really dig stupid trendy shit clothes but I've got to get the fuck out of here before I get arrested. Good day." ALWAYS jam on the brakes at the door. Look at some item and see if two dorks smoke their sneaker soles trying to stop and look inconspicuous. If they do, go back in the changing room and put the jeans back—you got caught.

So now you're out. Throw those two in the car and head to the next stop. At the end of the day you may have a pile of pants with stupid ink tags on them. Seal off the jeans from both halves of the tag with hard plastic cut out of a milk jug. With a steady hand take a sharp, small hacksaw and cut the cone half straight across in the lower third. Don't press, be gentle. If you have an electric grinder like me, seal it up, then grind down from the top of the cone. You are just trying to get this nubbin off of a steel pin in there. If you get the nubbin off, you got it made.

3) Boat Motors! "Duh? did he say boat motors?" Yeah, boat motors. They are good because they are soooooooooo easy and you can fence them yourself. Plus hippies can pull it off because you don't need to look straight. Price them cheap and get easy dough, price them high and get good dough. One thing to note is that if you price them too low, people will know you hyper-boycotted them.

First, hyper-boycotters, does our local marina fit the necessary criteria for an ethical hyper-boycott. No shit? It does?

Well, come on then! Wear a ski mask and camo; typical gear. Go to the marina with a pair of 8- to 12-inch bolt cutters (the small ones). Drive a car with a big trunk. Dodge Darts are perfect. Clip a nice big hole in the chain link fence. One you can walk through almost erect. Look out for dogs. Run to the nearest 5- to 15-horsepower motor (as evidenced by the big number on the top). Clip one gas line, two steel steering cables, and two battery leads. You will see two "wingnuts." Unscrew these. Herk that sucker up onto your back, make like a tree and leave. At first only take one motor at a time, unless you really feel smooth. Beginners sometimes get cocky and stupid.

When you get two or three stockpiled, put an ad in the nearest big town classified ads. People will call long distance for these, and usually will commit to the purchase over the phone. Schedule to take all of them in one trip for peak efficiency. Then cruise over and sell them.

That's all there is to the obviously politically-motivated hyper-boycott. It should be applied generously worldwide. The fewer fucking businesses there are, the less of Gaia that gets fucked up and the less of us get walked on. Always remember to have fun. If you have ethical problems with the hyper-boycott, take a look inside yourself because your ethics are killing the rest of us.

Warner Creek & the Sour Grapes Raid

BY JOHN GREEN

It was an end befitting the weird circumstances in which the Warner Creek campaign was born. Warner Creek was riddled with twisted irony from start to finish and presents a microcosm of what passes for natural resource management in this country, management that encourages and causes fires by logging, and then decides it must log to prevent fires. Management that spends three years and millions of dollars to receive—and then ignore—public input. Management that conjures up a Warner Fire Recovery Environmental Impact Statement that fails to consider what caused the fire in the first place.

So it was fitting that on August 16, the Forest Service invaded Cascadia Free State on the Oakridge district of the Willamette National Forest and smashed up the Warner Creek blockade *after* they had reached agreement with Thomas Creek Lumber to buy back the Warner North sale. It was an incredible waste of energy. The stated reason for the raid was that the five blocked miles of FS Road 2408 had to be opened so that berry pickers could, well, pick berries. It was the most twisted example of Freddie law enforcement action we've ever heard of.

If only the Forest Service had informed Earth First!ers and Cascadia Forest Defenders camped on the road for the last 11 months that a deal had been reached, the activists would have departed. Rumors had flown for several weeks that a deal to buy back Warner North was in the works. The Forest Service even told a local reporter the deal had been signed, only to deny it the next day.

So on the morning of the 16th, Forest Service law enforcement officers and Lane County sheriff's deputies snuck through some old Hatfield clearcuts and down Bunchgrass Ridge to the blockade on FS Road 2408. Activists camping at the lower blockade were taken by surprise; no one had time to lock down. The Freddies announced that a closure had been placed on the road and a quarter-mile strip of forest on each side. The campers were unceremoniously told to leave or they would be arrested.

The main blockade, however, was a different story. The Freddies found three women locked down and blocking the road. The three—Raven, Madrone and Hemlock—refused to unlock until shown written proof that Warner North was indeed protected. Such proof was not forthcoming (it took another week), so the four held on through the day. They unlocked only when it became apparent that the Forest Service was prepared to build a road *around* them, if necessary, to get those berry pickers in.

In the meantime, about a dozen activists had gained access to the closure area through the forest, where the Forest Service fears to tread. When the Freddies started to get rough with the locked-down women, one noble soul leapt onto the road from a low escarpment above the blockade. The startled officers of the law attacked him, and when he had been subdued, proceeded to yank his handcuffed arms up behind his back, breaking his elbow.

Raven, Hemlock and Madrone held up road repairs for the whole day while being harassed and deprived of food and water. Late in the afternoon, the Freddies told them they were prepared to start falling old-growth trees for the new detour if the women didn't move. Faced with this dilemma, the three decided to unlock.

It took a surprisingly short time for the bulldozer and road grader to fill the ditches and shove aside the other obstacles left by persons unknown over the previous year. As the dozer moved up 2408, an activist known as Lupine jumped onto the road, shoved her hand into a large stone wall, and announced to the Freddies that she was locked down. Rather than pull on her arm to see if she might be telling a little white lie, the once-again-startled officers of the law dismantled the wall to extricate her not-locked-down hand.

* * *

The ironies abound. For nearly a year, the Forest Service was mystified by activists' determination to defend Warner North. The sale was tiny anyway—less than half a million board feet, repeated the coyly incredulous Freds. What they failed to mention was that this was the first cut offered in the 19 million-board-foot Warner Fire Recovery Project. We began our defense where they began their attack.

And in the end, for Warner North anyway, we won at least a partial victory. The road was held for the better part of a year, galvanized public opinion on the issue of salvage logging and proved again the power of direct action.

The Forest Service says it will walk away from the north side of the Warner burn. It is in a Late Successional Reserve, for what it's worth. The south side could prove to be a different story. The Freddies have planned really huge sales there. If Warner North is any indication, they will encounter huge resistance.

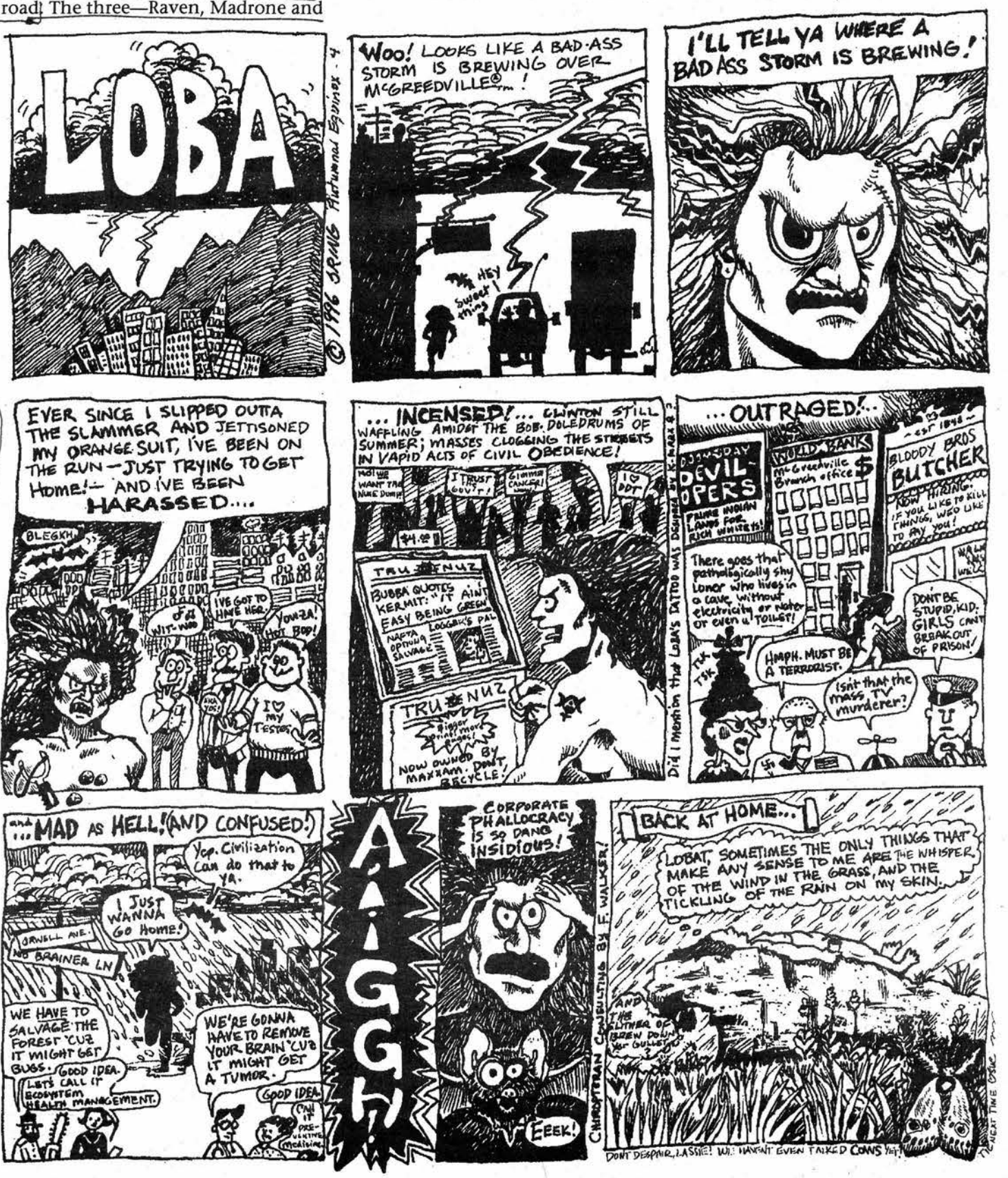
The proposal to turn the entire burn and surrounding area into a Research Natural Area is still out there, and rumor has it that it's gaining support within the Forest Service.

On September 6, a couple of dozen activists gathered at the upper end of FS 2408 (a place none thought they'd ever drive to again) for a celebration of the one-year anniversary of the blockade. It was a small, quiet celebration, quite fitting the surroundings and the circumstances of our modest victory.

The Forest Service has been left trying to explain their actions to an increasingly incredulous public. They now appear to be a weak, vengeful agency, attacking activists engaged in civil disobedience to take out a year's worth of frustration. The Freddies wasted time, effort and taxpayers' money dismantling a blockade that no longer protected anything, while refusing to confirm that the protesters were locked down to prevent logging in a timber sale which had already been bought back.

The Forest Service still says it will move ahead with the Warner South sale next year. This will provoke protests and probably lawsuits, but in the event the Freddies try to say the Salvage Rider still applies, EF! and Cascadia Forest Defenders will take to the woods and to the roads, if necessary, to stop the Warner South sale.

For the latest on Warner Creek, call SWEF! at (541) 343-7305. Donations can be sent to SWEF! at POB 10384, Eugene, OR 97440.

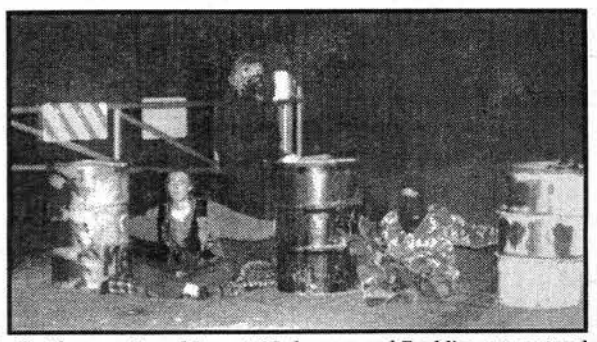

LOBA
© 1996 SPRING AUTUMNAL EQUINOX
WOO! LOOKS LIKE A BAD-ASS STORM IS BREWING OVER McGREEDVILLE©™!
HEY SWEET THING
I'LL TELL YA WHERE A BAD ASS STORM IS BREWING!
EVER SINCE I SLIPPED OUTTA THE SLAMMER AND JETTISONED MY ORANGE SUIT, I'VE BEEN ON THE RUN—JUST TRYING TO GET HOME!— AND I'VE BEEN HARASSED....
BLEGKH
WIT-WOO
I'VE GOT TO HIKE HER.
YOW-ZA!
HOT BOD!
I ♡ my TESTES
... INCENSED!... CLINTON STILL WAFFLING AMIDST THE BOB-DOLEDRUMS OF SUMMER; MASSES CLOGGING THE STREETS IN VAPID ACTS OF CIVIL OBEDIENCE!
NO! WE WANT THA NUKE DUMP!
I TRUST GOV'T!
GIMME CANCER!
I ♡ DDT
BUBBA QUOTES KERMIT: "IT AIN'T EASY BEING GREEN"
NAFTA OPTIONS SALVAGE
LOGGER'S PAL
TRU NUZ
Bigger spiral more cheese!
NOW OWNED BY MAXXAM. DON'T BICYCLE!
Did I Mention that Lobo's Tattoo was Designed by K-Marx & ?
... OUTRAGED!...
THURSDAY DEVIL-OPERS
FAUNE INDIAN LANDS FOR RICH WHITES!!
WORLD BANK
McGreedville Branch office $
~ est 1848 ~
BLOODY BROS BUTCHER
NOW HIRING.
IF YOU LIKE TO KILL THINGS, WE'D LIKE TO PAY YOU!
There goes that pathologically shy loner who lives in a cave, without electricity or water or even a TOILET!
HMPH. MUST BE A TERRORIST.
Isn't that the mass TV murderer?
DON'T BE STUPID, KID: GIRLS CAN'T BREAK OUT OF PRISON!
and ... MAD AS HELL! (AND CONFUSED!)
Yep. Civilization can do that to YA.
I JUST WANNA GO HOME!
ORWELL AVE.
NO BRAINER LN
WE HAVE TO SALVAGE THE FOREST 'CUZ IT MIGHT GET BUGS.
GOOD IDEA.
LET'S CALL IT ECOSYSTEM HEALTH MANAGEMENT.
WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO REMOVE YOUR BRAIN 'CUZ IT MIGHT GET A TUMOR.
GOOD IDEA.
CAN IT PREVENTS CANCER
AIGH!
CORPORATE PHALLOCRACY IS SO DANG INSIDIOUS!
EEEK!
CHRISTIAN CONSULTING BY F. WALKER
BACK AT HOME...
LOBA, SOMETIMES THE ONLY THINGS THAT MAKE ANY SENSE TO ME ARE THE WHISPER OF THE WIND IN THE GRASS, AND THE TICKLING OF THE RAIN ON MY SKIN.
AND THE SLITHER OF BROWN POWER GULLET
DON'T DESPAIR, LASSIE! WE HAVEN'T EVEN FAILED CONUS YET!
CAT TIME COMIC

Sucker Creek Free State

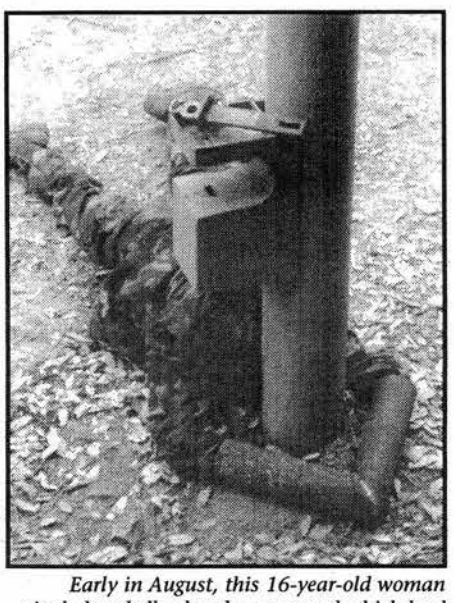
The Final Days of the China Left Blockade

PHOTOS BY JONATHON PAUL

This summer, activists flocked to the wild Siskiyous in southern Oregon to defend the Kangaroo Roadless Area from its most recent assault by the Forest Service: the China Left Timber Sale.

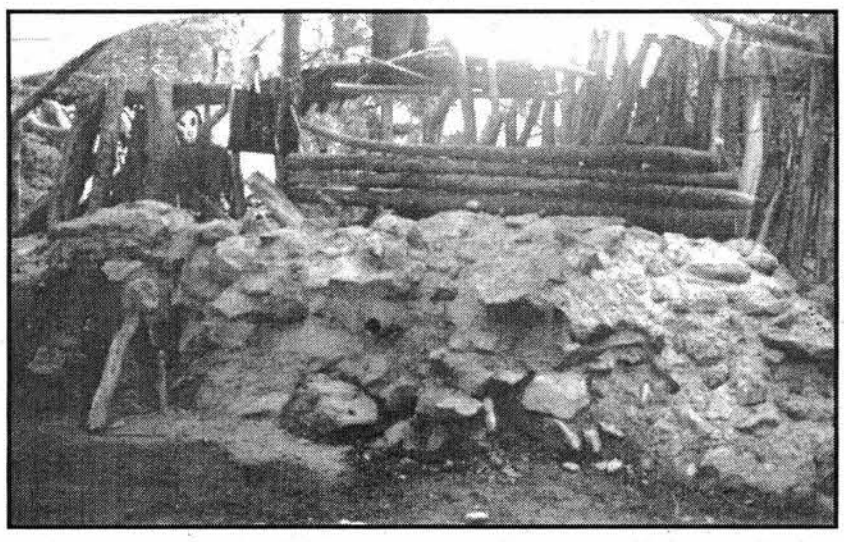


On the morning of August 12, loggers and Freddies encountered the ol' arm-in-the-barrel routine on the main road into the area. The two locked-down people held their positions until nightfall, when they were arrested and swept away. Further up the road, a first-ever galvanized steel tripod housed a sitter who descended when law enforcement threatened to topple the device.



Early in August, this 16-year-old woman single-handedly closed a spur road which lead into four logging units. The Freddies kicked out the support for her lockbox, jeapordizing her limbs and forcing her to lie face down until being removed hours later.

The Sucker Creek Free State was established on a spur which led to twelve cutting units. Construction of the main blockade began July 4, and by the time the Freddies raided on August 13, the fortress was fortified with a human-and-concrete wall. Throughout the day, the ecowarriors valiantly and stubbornly refused to unlock. Much machismo and a whole-heap-of-work later, they were cut free and arrested.



Warner Creek
Jailhouse Rock

Once all human obstacles were removed, a bulldozer razed the multitude of road impediments in the former free state. The path was then clear for Rough and Ready Lumber Company to enter and log, log, log.

To get involved with further actions in the Siskiyous, contact the Siskiyou Forest Defenders at POB 400, Williams, OR 97544; (541) 732-3101.

BY LESLIE HEMSTREET

Three days after the relatively instantaneous and anti-climactic demise of the Warner Creek Blockade, over 200 people rallied in front of the US Forest Service office in Eugene, Oregon. We then marched to the arraignment of the four women who had locked down for Warner and had been hunger striking since their incarceration. Several of us arrived early and stood waiting like livestock, IDs in hand, because we wanted to be among the 30 people who were supposed to be able to attend the arraignment.

But when the protest came swelling up the stairs into the jailhouse lobby, the judge sent us a message: Only one person from the campaign would be allowed into the arraignment. The crowd roared in disgust. Before the noise had completely died down, the lieutenant informed us that not even one of us would be allowed in.

We just weren't having that. Our friends had been arrested virtually in private. The only two reporters who had the *huevos* to sneak into the closure were arrested and thrown in jail, all of their notes and equipment confiscated. We could not allow their legal proceedings to go on in private as well. That would've been too much unconstitutionality for one week.

The group got percussive. Some of us used the walls, some used our bodies and some even used the metal detector as a drum. After about half an hour of trying to talk our way in, the tension was thick enough to asphyxiate Gandhi. Without a consensus meeting or even a discussion, we started streaming in past the metal detector. We could only cram about 60 people in the courtroom foyer, but at least we had one less barrier between us and the arraignment.

We all sat down; the situation was calm. The sheriffs apparently planned to outwait us until we left and not arrest anyone. A plan to swarm through the locked doors the next time they opened got whispered around the crowd. Everyone got up to dance and be ready to get one step closer to the arraignment. People started moshing, the drum beat intensified and one guy misplaced his anger at an inch-thick screened jail window. As the cops looked on, he punched the glass about five times before it finally broke. I had enough time to ask myself, "Am I gonna have to tackle this idiot before he sprays his friends with broken glass?" before the cops even reacted. They wrestled with him and he got away. Nobody in our community knew him well, but we were represented in the media by his actions.

The group sat down chanting, "No Violence!" Our wish didn't come true though. The cops came out in full force, shocking people with tazer guns. Soon after, they started picking people up by the hair and dragging us through the broken glass. They didn't need to haul us very far to get a Polaroid and throw us in the holding tank.

Most of us had tossed our IDs out to one quick-thinking activist at the sit-in. As we were being dragged down the hall, I kept hearing, "No walk. No talk. No sign. No dine." In sum, 39 people were arrested.

As all the women came into the holding tank, we discussed staying in and hunger-striking until the agreement for Warner Creek was signed and delivered. Out of the original 39, many were printed, identified and kicked out. Of those who remained, three of us, women, hung on till the bile-bitter end—five days of hunger striking. If you count the time of the original four women, it was an eight-day tag-team hunger strike.

The longer we remained incarcerated, the more evidence of our effectiveness began to ooze in. We were being continuously harassed by way of orders from the head jailer—just petty little annoyances like being dragged out of bed at 3:30 am to see if we'd give our names to the custody referee; being put in maximum security with only one hour a day out of our cells to use the phone or shower; being issued clothes two sizes too small; being denied a pillow; getting the trays of animal-riddled, pesticide-dosed food put next to our heads even though we'd politely refused the meal. And, how could I forget being denied a nurse for hours when I was sick and vomiting bile?

In this summer of triage environmental activism, the defenders of the forests in this bioregion have been spread thin and run ragged. I was finding it easier to feel desperate than effective. This action was tha antidote for the self-defeating doldrums. Our hunger strike was effective in accelerating lagging negotiations between the Justice Department, the Forest Service and Thomas Creek Lumber Company, because it kept our issue in the media every day. Plus, the Clinton administration recoils at social unrest among people they consider to be their constituency, and the Forest Service does not want media martyrs.

The bonus is: We won! We didn't have to die in jail, after all. Our lawyers brought us signed papers from the Justice Department on the fifth day. We changed our names from "Thorn," "Giardia" and "Lala" back to our given names, and our captors let us go.

The arraignment "riot," as it was called by the corporate media, was quicksilver proof of the alchemy that a tight community can create. With this action, I realized that in building the Warner Blockade, we inadvertently built something much more permanent and solid—us.

SUPPORT YOUR "ROADPECKER" LOCAL!

While we'd like to find a rich benefactor or two, in the meantime we'll peddle t-shirts!
"**Roadpecker**" (olive, natural)
t-shirt $12 (postage paid)

Cascadia Forest Defenders, POB 11122, Eugene, OR, 97440; e.mail: mickey@efn.org
We ain't no 501(c)3, so buy our stuff to keep us in tools and gas.

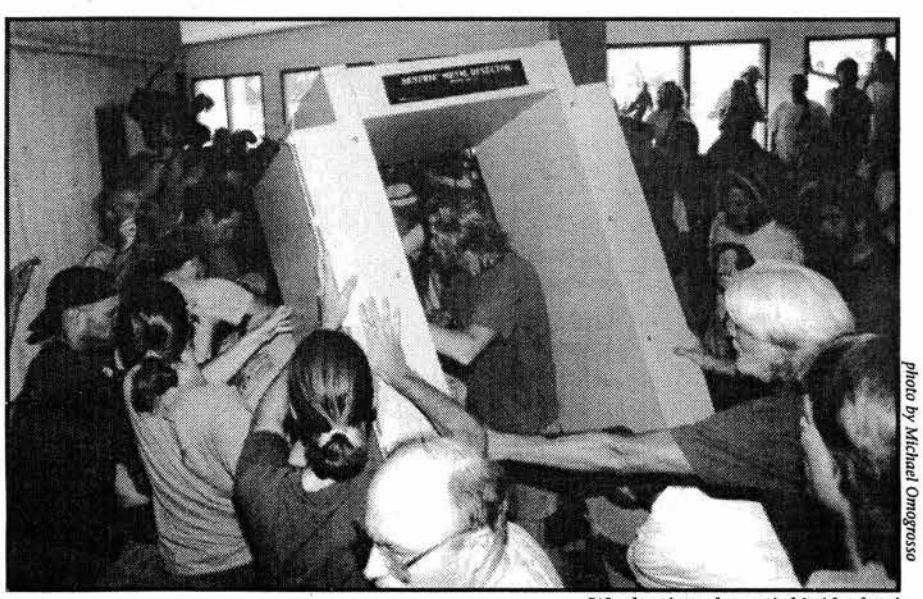


photo by Michael Omogrosso

We dont' need no stinkin' badges!

Marineland Targeted

Activists Invade Canadian Wildlife Park

BY PALOMA, SEA DEFENSE ALLIANCE

Spawned by an informal conference on marine captivity, a demonstration at Canada's Marineland on September 1 resulted in six arrests. One hundred activists from 23 countries turned out, as did police after being tipped off that animal rights activists would try to enter the park and disrupt the aquatic shows. Marineland security mysteriously were able to identify and boot almost all of the disguised activists on park property. One protester was manhandled and restrained by the police while a Marineland lackey got in a couple of jabs.

Firefighters had to cut free two protesters who locked themselves to park gates while others shouted for the release of whales and dolphins from the amusement park. Protesters stood on city property opposite the chalk line marking Marineland property. They waved flags from their respective countries, carried signs, banners, and a large inflated plastic orca and urged motorists to honk in support.

Marineland is an amusement park in Niagara Falls, Ontario, that keeps captive orcas, dolphins and hundreds of other animals, including deer, black bears, sea lions, seals, reindeer and bison. They live in barren environments and many have health problems that do not appear to be getting even minimal attention. While touring the facility, activists discovered a bear dead in the compound it shared with 32 other mangy, half-starved bears begging in murky waters for small marshmallows thrown by tourists.

Marineland is gaining a reputation for its mistreatment of wildlife. For instance, of the ten bottlenose dolphins the park housed in 1989, only three males have survived. Ignoring this high mortality rate, Marineland is now looking to import females to start a breeding program with their ailing males. One male died in solitary confinement after years in a small dark tank where his decrepit condition was hidden from public view. That same death tank now contains two young orcas separated prematurely from their mothers who are forced to perform in another area. In all likelihood, the whales are unaware of each other's location.

A new four-million-gallon tank—reportedly to be used for orca breeding—is in preliminary stages of construction at Marineland. With orcas worth an estimated million dollars each, captive breeding is lucrative business.

The condition of the park's male orca, Kandu, is desperate. He floats motionless for hours on end at the surface of his tiny holding tank, not swimming or diving. The result is an exposed, air-burned back. Activists fear he may not live much longer in these conditions and are fighting for his release and the release of his fellow prisoners.

MARINELAND!
Barbarism the whale family can enjoy!
7657 Portage Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario L2E 6X8
KEIKO LOVE SLAVE
FREE KAN

There is no agency in Canada to oversee the care and condition of Marineland's many animals. Animals live and die at Marineland's whim without governmental interference.

Marineland owner John Holer has steadfastly refused to talk with protest groups. He has singled out and threatened the lives of female protesters in the past. While protesters leafleted the park exit and Marineland staff waved "keep moving" signs to cars leaving the parking lot, Holer attempted to run down a woman with his truck and succeeded in striking her. As she was being taken away in an ambulance with an injured shoulder, Holer sat in his truck surrounded by his hired men and laughed. Police were reluctant to prosecute him claiming that he is an upstanding citizen.

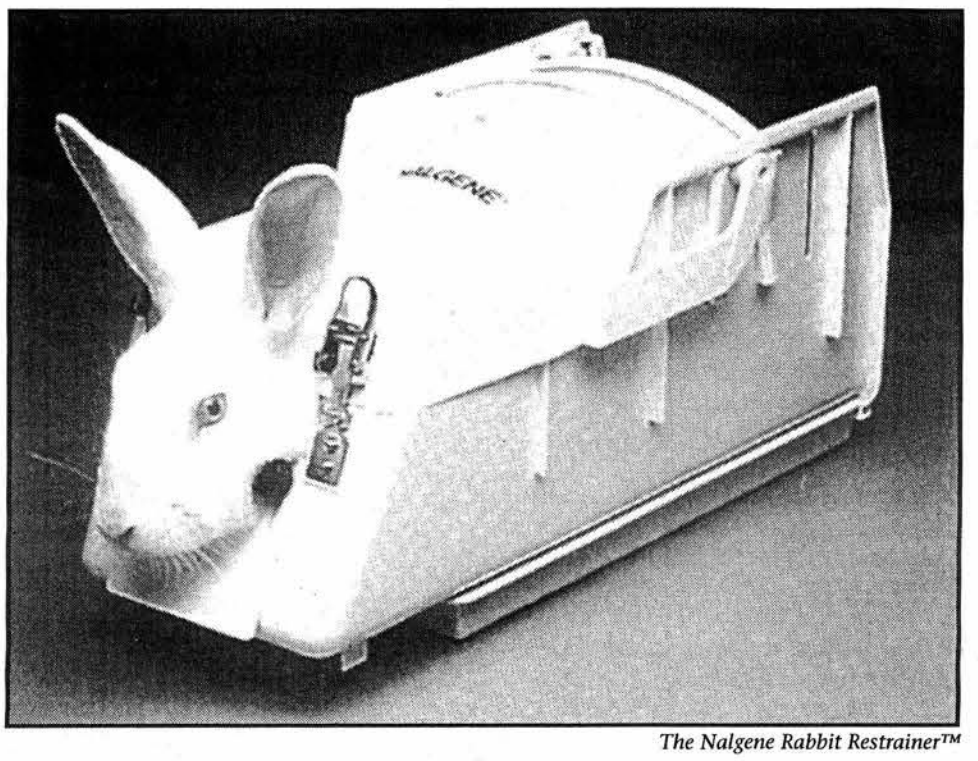
Protests will continue outside of Marineland and your help is needed.

To request legislation which would oversee animals in zoos and aquariums in Ontario, write The Honorable Robert Runciman, Solicitor General of Ontario, 175 Bloor Street East, Suite 400, North Tower, Toronto, ONT, Canada M4W 3R8. Write Mayor Wayne Thompson, City of Niagara Falls, 4310 Queen Street, Niagara Falls, ONT, Canada L2E 6X5, and tell him that you are boycotting Niagara Falls until the dolphins, orcas and other animals are released from their confinement in Marineland.

Boycott Nalgene

BY CHRIS O'RILEY

If you've engaged in any kind of outdoor activity, you've probably heard of *Nalgene* water bottles. These plastic bottles come in a variety of sizes and are known for their durability and airtightness, important factors in camping, hiking or skiing. For these reasons, Nalgene water bottles have become very popular and are sold in just about any store that sells backpacking and outdoor sporting equipment. Nalgene is marketed to environmentally minded folks through such tactics as placing the pictures of mountain lions or wolves on some of its bottles. However, most people are unaware of the literal skeletons in Nalgene's closet.



The Nalgene Rabbit Restrainer™

Contrary to popular belief, Nalgene is not a small "back to nature" water bottle company. Nalgene is a trade name for the Nalge Company, which is in turn a subsidiary of Sybron International Corporation. The Nalge Company specializes in manufacturing laboratory equipment of all types and is one of the main suppliers of such equipment in both the United States and Europe. Their products include a complete line of devices used for experimenting on live animals in medical research and cosmetic testing. Nalge's product line includes vivisection boards for cutting open live mice and rats, and restrainers that confine rabbits while chemicals are placed in their eyes during the infamous Draize test. The rabbit restrainers are touted by Nalge as protecting the animals, as they frequently break their backs in their futile efforts to avoid the pain they are being subjected to.

Because the Nalge Company manufactures these animal experimentation devices that inflict untold suffering on defenseless animals and at the same time tries to pass off its water bottles as being environmentally friendly, Rocky Mountain Animal Defense (RMAD) has initiated a boycott. With your assistance we can make this a successful campaign!

How to Help Boycott Nalgene:

- **Boycott all Nalgene products. Several good alternative bottles exist.**
- **Write or call Nalge and Sybron and express your feelings about how they treat animals.**
- **Send any Nalgene products back to the company, and ask for a refund** [*Ed. note—The* EF!J *editorial staff urges consumers not to replace bottles by purchasing new plastic products. Just cover the old ones with anti-vivesection stickers or reuse bottles out of the dumpster.*]
- **Ask your local camping stores to drop the Nalgene line.**
- **Spread the word! Contact RMAD for more information and for flyers to post.**
- **Write letters to: David Della Penta, President, Nalge Company, POB 20365, Rochester, NY 14602; (716) 586-8800, fax (716) 586-3294; and K.F. Yontz, President and CEO, Sybron International Corporation, 411 E. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 274-6600, fax (414) 274-6561.**
- **For more information contact Rocky Mountain Animal Defense, Chris O'Riley, 2525 Arapaho, #E4-335, Boulder, CO 80302; (303) 449-4422; http//www.envirolink.org/orgs/rmad.**

No Hope For the Bruin

BY DARRYL ECHT

Idaho Coalition United for Bears (I-CUB) has succeeded in gaining enough petition signatures to put Proposition 2 on the state ballot this November. If voted into law, Proposition 2 will ban spring bear hunting and eliminate use of hounds and baiting in the fall season. It's the first step towards bear protection in Idaho, but it falls shy of mandating—or even advocating—adequate protection for the great bruin.

What Proposition 2 Doesn't Cover

Proposition 2 does not abolish or even restrict fall bear hunting. In fact, I-CUB spokespeople endorse an expanded fall hunt and a doubled bag limit (from one bear to two per hunter) to compensate for the loss of the spring season. Bill London, a northern Idaho I-CUB representative, consistently points to Colorado as an example of why hunters should vote in favor of Proposition 2: The number of bears legally slaughtered has actually increased since the institution of identical legislation there.

Unlike Initiative 655, on the ballot in Washington this year, and Measure 18, passed by Oregon voters in 1994, I-CUB's Proposition 2 fails to address other predators hunted by the same heinous methods they oppose in bear hunting. In Idaho, this includes mountain lions, *felis concolor*, an estimated 540 of which were legally shot there in 1994. In town meetings and newspaper editorials, I-CUB continually reassures the hunting public: "We will not come after other hunting practices. This is it." They even offered to drop the initiative if Idaho Fish and Game promised to outlaw only one of the three practices they find objectionable. For obvious political reasons, they will tell you: "We are not opposed to hunting bear in general." Certainly some I-CUB members condemn all bear hunting, but those voices are essentially stymied by the message the organization is using to sell its propaganda to the public.

A Common Enemy

Idaho Fish and Game, the agency responsible for managing statewide bear populations, is unable to give the public a consistent figure on annual bear "harvests." Agency biologists widely disagree on the death toll: In 1994 either 1,250 or 2,550 black bears were killed by state sanctioned hunters, depending on who you ask.

Population numbers are equally unreliable. *Ursus americanus* can be a difficult species to calculate. With this deficit in dependable data, Idaho Fish and Game is incapable of making valid assurances about local, regional or bioregional populations, yet they continue to issue tags to hunters each spring and fall. There is no indication that the agency is even managing for species viability. Calling this mismanagement would be a gross understatement—it's a piecemeal prescription for extinction.

Political Reality or Wish-Wash?

What I-CUB and wildlife advocates have neglected to ask is this: Why are we supporting any bear hunting in Idaho? Why, indeed, are we supporting predator hunting to any degree?

Grizzly bears have been effectively wiped out of the state. Gray wolves also have been eradicated. We now pour gobs of tax money into inefficient and biologically and ethically questionable "recovery" projects to reintroduce them to their home range—a home we inhospitably kicked them out of. Populations of lynx, bobcat and wolverine are plummeting swiftly. Animal Damage Control, ranchers and other zealots are hell-bent on eradicating coyote and other predators designated as varmints. We are wielding a dangerously sharp double-edged sword—celebrating the expunction of species then clawing to bring them back into hostile territory.

Black bear and mountain lion are hunted for sport. Whether it's species-ism, cowardice or machismo that spawns it, the act is trophy hunting and "subsistence" hunting arguments are mere rationalizations. Many of the predators killed legally in Idaho are taken by out-of-state and out-of-country customers of big game outfitters. They do not go to the mouths of hungry babes, as pro-hunting groups such as the Sportsman's Heritage would have the public believe. They become $5,000 rugs or stuffed and mounted testimony to some urban eunuch's manhood.

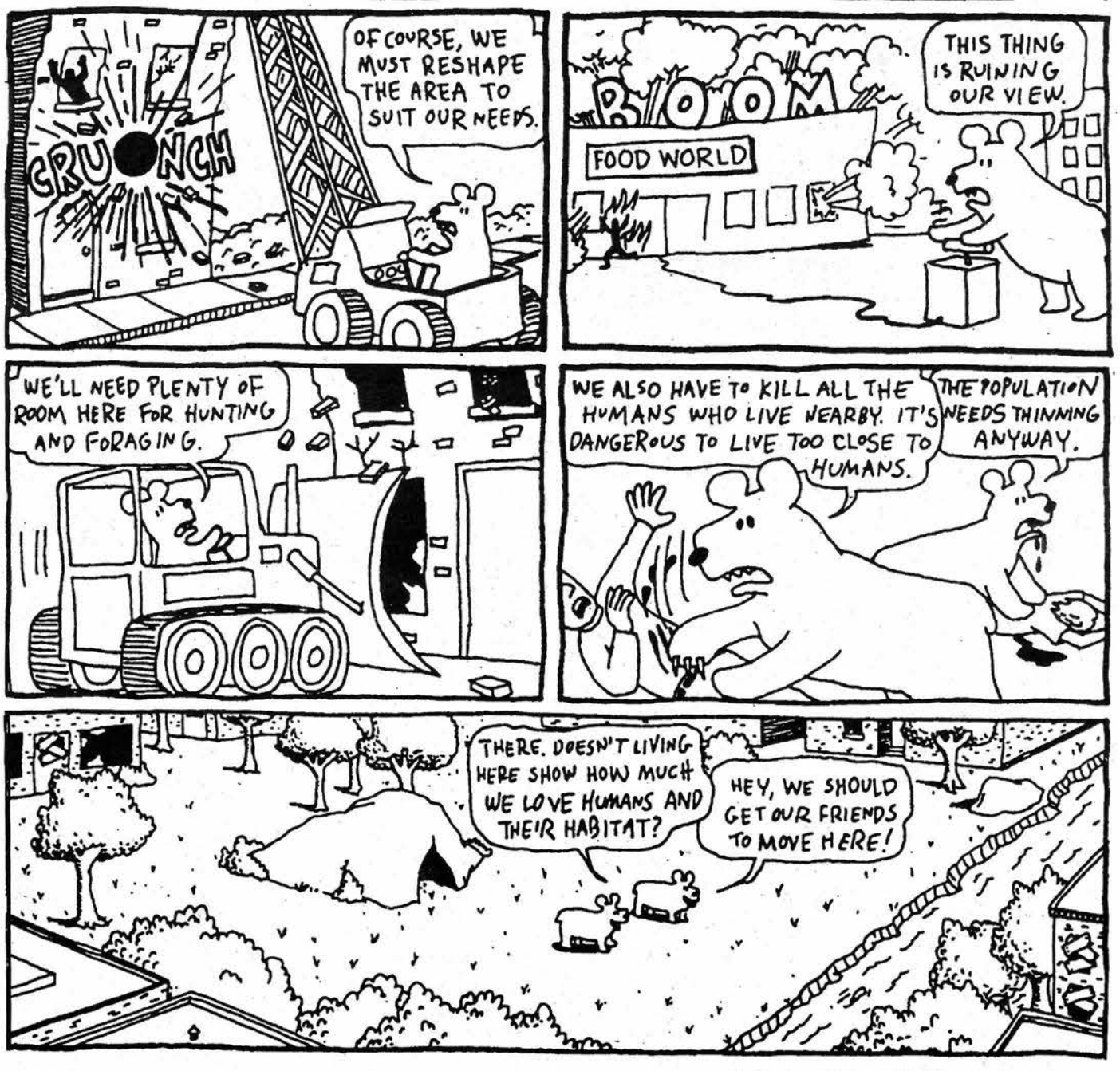
Lynn Fritchman, director of I-CUB, and the plethora of activists who pounded the pavement to collect those petition signatures are decent people fighting to extinguish three particularly gruesome bear hunting tactics. They have certainly taken their share of beatings from the pro-hunting community—from verbal threats to physical intimidation, and at least one incident of a home invasion. While I do not wish to belittle their efforts, we cannot afford to ignore the fact that their vision is too narrow to encompass the kind of comprehensive "management" changes essential to protecting the black bear in Idaho. They are playing safely, and perhaps necessarily, in the arena of political reality.

It is our obligation to push the issue of predator protection onto the table. We cannot simply vote in favor of Proposition 2 and assume we have done our part in defending the bruin from this blight called humanity. We have to talk about banning all predator hunting and eliminating trapping. We have to talk about education and the protection and restoration of habitat. As the self-professed radicals on the spectrum, we are charged with picking up where I-CUB falls short—in Idaho Fish and Game offices, in the public and legislative arenas, and perhaps most imminently, in the field.

What You Should Do

- Contact Idaho Fish and Game Commission at PO Box 25, Boise, ID 83707; (208)334-3700. Tell them you oppose all predator hunting.
- Support organizations furthering holistic protection for predators, such as Predator Project, POB 6733, Bozeman, MT 59771; (406)587-3389; predproj@avicom.net; www.wildrockies.org/predproj.
- Go to Idaho and sabotage a black bear or mountain lion hunt! Fall bear season extends from September 15 until September 30 or October 31 depending on the area. Mountain lion season also begins on September 15 and lasts until February or March depending on the area.

YOU KNOW, I'M SICK OF LIVING HERE IN NATURE. LET'S CHUCK IT ALL AND GO LIVE IN A HUMAN CITY.
YES! I LOVE THE PRISTINELY MAN-MADE ENVIRONMENT!


CRUNCH
OF COURSE, WE MUST RESHAPE THE AREA TO SUIT OUR NEEDS.
BOOM
FOOD WORLD
THIS THING IS RUINING OUR VIEW.
WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF ROOM HERE FOR HUNTING AND FORAGING.
WE ALSO HAVE TO KILL ALL THE HUMANS WHO LIVE NEARBY. IT'S DANGEROUS TO LIVE TOO CLOSE TO HUMANS.
THE POPULATION NEEDS THINNING ANYWAY.
THERE. DOESN'T LIVING HERE SHOW HOW MUCH WE LOVE HUMANS AND THEIR HABITAT?
HEY, WE SHOULD GET OUR FRIENDS TO MOVE HERE!

SUBDIVIDE AND CONQUER!

Get your piece of the last available Columbia Gorge old-growth oak forest now, before it's too late!
Lots: 10-28 acres—some of nature's finest lie beckoning. • Choose from: Riversong, Elkland, Oakarie, Savannah, and others...
Build your house of dreams among "giant" oaks, nestled beside the wildflower wonderland: The Tom McCall Preserve
Watch elk cruise by your window. • Get territorial! • All yours now, just 100 grand or so (house not included).

If this kind of raw land speculation, draped with sickening sales eco-speak offends you; if you know damn well that subdivision (and development) of our wild lands is no good for giant oaks, elk, biodiversity, or for that matter, any other thing wild, natural and free, confront developer Daniel Dancer and his "Rowena Wilds Estates." Pin him down and hold on tight—he may be as slick as his real estate ads. Search for the truth! Then, tell him to go develop in Hell!

Daniel Dancer, self-proclaimed environmental activist and photographer, says he bought Rowena Wilds, a piece of land on the Oregon side of the Columbia Gorge, to save it but is now running out of money and "must" subdivide and develop. Documents at the Wasco County Courthouse refute this. These documents show that a contractual agreement for $375,000 was made with the previous landowner May 21, 1996—fifteen days after the county gave his development proposal approval. He apparently made no significant investment, other than greasing the permitting process, until his proposal had received the go-ahead.

When pressed about the issues and the large profits involved, Dancer says he *may* form a land trust. Odds are that his profits from Rowena Wilds Estates will be rolled over into other land deals to "save" other lands by subdivision and development. He could commence with a land trust, or for the price of several lots, he could recoup his investment and preserve the rest.

Dancer says he asked the Forest Service, The Nature Conservancy and the Trust for Public Land to "save" him from having to develop Rowena Wilds. Maybe so, but a simple request will never move these or any other acquisition entities to action. He never requested aid from local conservationists. Upon chance discovery of his plans, locals offered to help find development alternatives, but his response was that of a typical developer: foul and accusatory language, with assertions that being a "purist" wouldn't save Rowena Wilds. Dancer developed a slick slideshow and presented it to the planning commission to sell his development to Wasco County. He even used the presence of native artifacts on the property as a selling point! If he was sincere about preserving this land, he could have hit the road with his slideshow looking for support and money. The history of land preservation has always involved attitude, fortitude, hard work, passion, perseverance, and above all, the ability to put one's financial self-interest aside.

Dancer says not to worry, though, his development is different: a new age, earth-friendly eco-village, complete with protective covenant!

It is doubtful that any protective covenant will hold up past the first generation of homeowners. Protective covenants endure only as long as there is interest in enforcing them. A protective covenant at Rowena Wilds is just more hype to sell a bad development to wide-eyed local government and sleepy-eyed environmentalists. There are plenty of examples of this in the mid-Columbia Gorge.

It is doubtful that miles of roads, driveways, and their noisy, pollution-belching vehicles will be in harmony at Rowena Wilds. And don't forget the motor bikes, lawnmowers, leafblowers, chainsaws, weedeaters, and so on, that will come.

It is doubtful that the giant oaks will survive the new hydrological regime that development will bring. We need only to look to the valley oaks of California to find examples.

It is doubtful that more dogs and cats chasing, harassing and killing wildlife will be in harmony at Rowena Wilds. Albeit Dancer has a covenant limiting canines and felines to two each per family.

And yes, it is doubtful that too many of Rowena Wilds' buyers, their energy-gobbling homes and all their enlightened aura will be earth-friendly, living in harmony in the Gorge's new "eco-village" at Rowena Wilds Estates.

Dancer says that once upon a time worse things were planned for this land. He talks about stumbling upon Rowena Wilds and finding a sign depicting a development of 21 proposed home sites. He doesn't mention that this development fell through because of inadequate ground water and financial support. But even if it hadn't, its cluster development and open space would have been preferable to Dancer's planned ranchettes. When local conservationists asked Dancer to consider cluster development, he said he wouldn't get adequate return, and besides, the new homeowners wouldn't have a view.

Dancer says he is a strong environmentalist, but a livelihood must come first. He says he would like to protect Rowena Wilds himself and really doesn't feel comfortable with this development thing, but just can't afford not to. He has a lively enviro-photo-journalism business. He has received environmental foundation money from the Fund for Wild Nature as well. He owns and lives in a Gorge bluff mansion with a market value of $625,000. Could his finances be so bad?

The *White Salmon Enterprise* reported that officers of the Columbia Gorge Audubon Society (then including Dancer, and his pal Jay Letto) met with a developer who was planning a large housing subdivision along the White Salmon National Scenic River on the Washington side of the Gorge. Later they attempted to discourage Audubon from appealing the development. The newspaper didn't report all the facts of the matter, but we do know the subdivision was finally defeated by Audubon after Dancer and Letto had moved on—after receiving a vote of "no confidence" from the board.

Since then, Dancer and Letto have formed a new "environmental" group, the Central Cascades Alliance, where they serve as president and vice-president. Letto recently wrote a letter to the local paper defending the development and condemning other conservationists for testifying at the planning commission hearing against it.

The Lyle Point development controversy rages on and some of you may remember that Dancer was on the front lines working to stop developer Henry Spencer. *[See* EF!J, *Mabon, 1994.]* He participated in protests, wrote scathing press releases and voted to file lawsuits. He even erected his tipi on the point in defiance of Klickitat County and private property. He documented the whole event with his camera and sold the pictures for profit. Now, across the Columbia, overlooking Lyle Point, he "plots" out his own development schemes. The similarities between Dancer and Spencer are striking—each saying: "It could be worse," and, "If you don't like it, buy me out!"—each making enormous profits; each calling themselves "environmentalists."

Put simply, Rowena Wilds Estates is Columbia River Gorge land speculation. It is scandalous; it will further chop up our precious rural lands; it will destroy unique, irreplaceable wildlands (how many 500 to 800-year-old oaks are left on this planet?); it will encroach on already protected areas; it will create an exclusionary, elite human habitat; and it will further alienate environmentalists from much needed public support.

For the sake of the giant oaks contact Daniel Dancer at POB 102, Underwood, WA 98651; (509) 493-1757 and ask him to hold off selling lots until conservationists can arrange to buy him out (at cost). Final approval for two of the three phases of development has been given so please hurry! There doesn't seem to be any other way to stop the development at this stage.

This article was submitted by the Gorge Citizens for Environmental Ethics, Mosier, OR 97040.

CASCADIA
PORTLAND BIRD IS A GREAT BLUE HERON WHO LIVES THROUGHOUT THE CASCADIAN WATERWAYS, AND ENJOYS A COMMITTED RELATIONSHIP WITH A SPOTTED OWL...
FOUR MORE YEARS?
IN HOW MANY WAYS WOULD CLINTON CLEARCUT WITH THE RIGHT-WING OVER THE NEXT FOUR YEARS IF RE-ELECTED?
LET'S REVIEW SOME OF WHAT THIS WAFFLER HATH WROUGHT: "DON'T ASK, DON'T TELL", N.A.F.T.A. AND G.A.T.T., THE SALVAGE RIDER, THE DEFENSE OF MARRIAGE ACT, THE HELMS/BURTON ACT... THE ANTI TERRORISM WHITTLING AWAY OF RIGHTS... WHAT MIGHT THE INHABITANTS OF CASCADIA EXPECT THESE NEXT FOUR YEARS?
THE EASY RIDER BILL OF 1997
TACKED ONTO AN APPROPRIATIONS BILL, THIS LAW MANDATES THE REMOVAL OF ANY OLD TREE WHICH MIGHT HANDICAP ACCESS OF LOGGING TRUCKS. BEING BLIND TO ENVIRONMENTAL LAWS, TIMBER COMPANIES CAN NOW CLAIM RIGHTS UNDER THE AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT.
LOOK-IT'S TRICKLE-DOWN DISABILITY
RESERVED
LOGGING TRUCKS ONLY
DONT SWIM - DONT SMELL
THIS FEDERAL BILL WOULD REMOVE THE LAST NATIVE SALMON RUNS FROM OUR RIVERS, SO THEIR SMELLY CARCASSES DONT WASH ONTO BEACHES AFTER GETTING FILLET THROUGH DAM TURBINES. CUTE LITTLE RUBBER DUCKIES ARE USED TO REPLACE FISH. CLINTON CALLS THIS A VICTORY FOR CLEAN AIR AND WATER.
THE NORTH AMERICAN FREE FOR ALL ACT
ANY CORPORATION CAN MAKE MERRY WITH ANY RESOURCE, FREE FROM ANY ENVIRONMENTAL OR SAFETY LAWS. HELPS PROTECT STOCKHOLDERS FROM ANY THREAT OF FIRE, DISEASE, OR INSECT INFESTATIONS.
ALAS, POOR RONNIE, I KNEW HIM WELL..
REAGANOMICS
THE HELMS BURTON ACT: 2.
THIS BILL IMPOSES STRICT TRADE SANCTIONS AGAINST ANY NATION WHICH ATTEMPTS TO CONDUCT TRADE WITH ANY POTENTIAL LIFE UPON THE RED PLANET MARS. SENATOR HELMS STATES THAT ANY LIFE ON MARS WOULD BY NATURE BE UN-AMERICAN, AND NOT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE BIBLE.
RED PLANET COMMIE
THE CONSERVATIVE CORPS
THIS IS WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CONSERVATION CORPS THAT CLINTON PUSHED THROUGH FROM HIS PRIOR TERM. REDUCED BY BOTH HOUSES TO SCHOOL PRAYER SESSIONS. AS A COMPROMISE, CLINTON ACCEPTS STATE SPONSORED PRAYER IF IT'S FOR THE UNEMPLOYED POOR THROWN OFF OF WELFAIR.
C-MON KIDS! LET'S PRAY FOR MR. FOREST!
THE MILLENNIUM COPYRIGHT ACT
A MULTI-NATIONAL SOFT DRINK CORPORATION BUYS THE COPYRIGHT TO THE NEW MILLENNIUM. THE SAME YEAR IT DOWNSIZES 50,000 WORKERS. ALL CLOCKS AND CALENDARS MUST CARRY THE CORPORATE SEAL OF APPROVAL.
2000
YES, BUT IF WE DONT VOTE FOR THE DEMOCRATS AGAIN, THINGS COULD BE WORSE
NEW MILLENIUM

Octoberfest: A Time to Pay Back Willamette Industries

BY ANDREW BAMSA GEORGE

It has been said that the Appalachian people were forgotten by history. That they have long been the focus of keen ruling-class attentions, of strenuous deception, repression and exploitation, is what most institutions fail to remember. Their poverty is not a natural or inevitable condition nor a reflection of their own lack of effort. When masses of people labor so hard and end up with so little at such cost to their own well-being, while so much is accumulated by a privileged few, it is time to direct our critical attention to the corporations that systematically impoverish them.

Willamette Industries Inc., of Portland, Oregon, proposes to build another high-capacity chip mill in the foothills of the Blue Ridge in the small rural community of Union Mills, North Carolina. This forestry giant is infamous for mowing down the oldest trees in Oregon, Millennium Grove; for discharging toxic black liquor on Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania; for coating Malvern, Arkansas with volatile organic compounds; for unfair labor practices and unsafe working conditions; for coast to coast clearcutting, etc. Now it has set its sights on the regenerating hardwood forests of the southern Appalachians. Willamette's proposed chip mill will grind up an 80-year-old oak in just eight seconds, and their corporation would destroy the landscape and the quality of life and of this peaceful region in a matter of a few short years.

Serious attention has been paid to the battle to preserve North America's last great western forests by activists from east and west. Now, much of Appalachia's forests, recovering from heavy cutting and high-grading during the early 1900s have again become the target of multinational companies like Willamette. This time around the forests are falling for wood chips and wood pulp to feed the growing global pulp and paper industry. Southeastern environmental groups have begun to ask for campaign support from activists in the West.

Willamette's southbound journey has already met with resistance. Last July, 800 folks protested the proposed chip mill in Union Mills. The event drew many Rutherford County residents and activists from Alabama, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Georgia, Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee and Montana. The message was clear: Willamette, YOU WILL NOT EXPLOIT US!

If for some reason Willamette did not hear this message from the rally participants, they'll be hearing it in October from a bigger, broader and louder audience as we prepare a corporate fall (literally) campaign to achieve our goal of stopping this chip mill. A national day of action against Willamette Industries is planned at any and all of their offices, mills and associated facilities on Monday, October 14, 1996. Already, groups of concerned citizens from different regions of the country are organizing to strike respective Willamette targets across the country. The intent is to cripple Willamette's corporate image by staging demonstrations, civil disobedience, banner hangings, press conferences, street theater, etc.

This day of reckoning for Willamette Industries' dismal record of mill pollution, corporate callousness, forest destruction and other violations of natural law is organized by a coalition of environmental groups that has evolved in the southeast to halt the chip mill invasion. The focus on Willamette is part of a larger campaign addressing the impacts of the pulp and paper industry on forests and human communities.

WHAT YOU CAN DO!

Please join us in the effort to stop Willamette's proposed chip mill as well as the campaign to protect hardwood forests in the east. Call attention to this issue at your next meeting. Find the closest Willamette facility in your area and be there October 14.

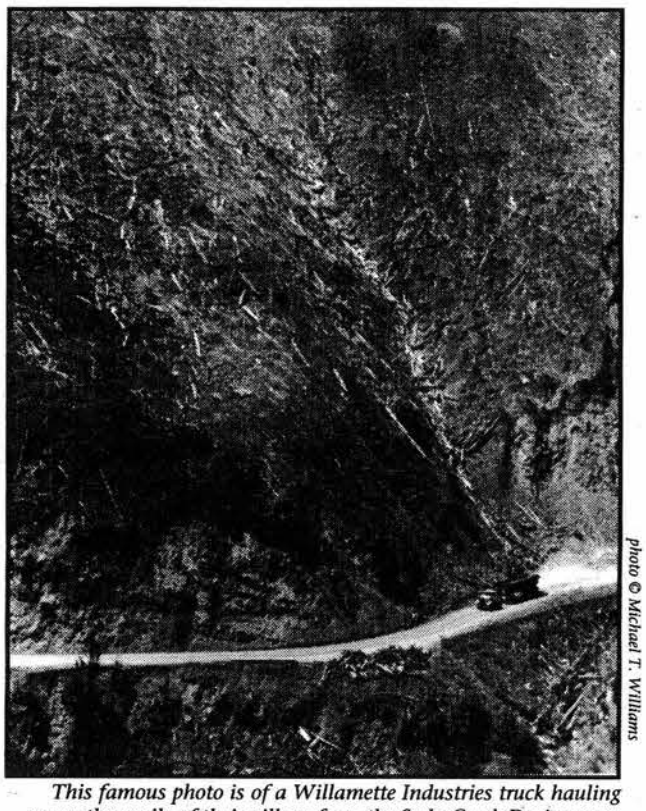


photo © Michael T. Williams

This famous photo is of a Willamette Industries truck hauling away the spoils of their pillage from the Soda Creek Drainage on the Willamette National Forest in western Oregon.

An old saying goes like this: "People make history, but seldom under conditions of their own choosing!" Help stop Willamette Industries' plan to turn the southeast into a third world colony.

If you can help in the campaign contact Lenny (the Little White Man Who Never Sleeps) Kohm at (910) 877-1551 or Jake (the Big White Guy Who Always Snores) Kreilick at the Native Forest Network, (406) 542-7343.

GREENPEACE EXECUTES BANNERHANG

photo by Tim Crosby/Greenpeace

Activist "hung" from a fishing trawler, to kick of Greenpeace's campaign to ban factory fishing

continued from page 1

Japanese investors." On August 16, Greenpeace "impounded" several trawlers. The vessels were docked at Pier 91 in Seattle and were preparing to leave for the North Pacific fishery off the coast of Alaska to begin this season's overfishing.

The action was underway hours before it hit the surface. Greenpeace divers chained the propellers of five US factory trawlers owned by American Seafoods, a wholly owned subsidiary of Resource Group International, a Norwegian-based multinational conglomerate. To reach these ships without being detected divers had to swim several miles towing hundreds of pounds of equipment. No easy task, the entire project took hours to complete. The factory trawlers were immobilized and did not leave for the fishing grounds off of Alaska on schedule.

Soon after dawn, dozens of Greenpeace activists arrived via inflatables to call public attention to this "impound" and the strip-mining of our oceans. This group was comprised mainly of Greenpeace canvassers from local offices in Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. Twelve swimmers in survival suits took to the water and formed a human chain. They locked to a floating oil boom in order to further barricade the trawlers. Several climbers attached themselves to various points on the trawlers. Two women grappled onto the anchors of two abutting trawlers, the *Pacific Explorer* and the *Pacific Navigator*, and hung a banner reading, "Factory Trawlers: Strip Mining the Ocean." Other climbers faced opposition from factory trawler deckhands. Two people attempted to lock into one ship's discharge ports. Despite being sprayed with high-pressure hoses, one managed to lock in securely, but one was blown into the water by an intentional discharge of oil waste and bilgewater.

Two women tried twice to deploy a banner that read, "Strip Mining, Clearcutting, Factory Trawling . . . Get the picture?" They first ascended the bowline of another ship, the *Ocean Rover,* but were quickly lowered back into an inflatable by irate deckhands. Next, they climbed a hanging ladder of Pacific Explorer and moved along the outside of the rail. The police nabbed one, but the other was able to drop over the side and deploy a small banner which said "Ban Factory Trawlers."

A pirate radio station, KELP, broadcast from an unknown location in Seattle playing reports about the action and highlighting environmental abuses perpetrated by factory trawlers.

The action lasted ten hours and got the word out internationally that factory trawlers are destroying ocean ecosystems.

Several of the swimmers remained in the water for over nine hours and unlocking them from the oil boom required scuba divers. The climbers also stayed up well into the afternoon. Eleven activists were arrested and await charges.

Beneath the surface, the actual "impoundment" lasted throughout the weekend. The propellers were not completely unchained until some time the following Monday, August 19.

Greenpeace was joined by several Alaskan and Seattle fishermen. Many small-scale fishing jobs have been impacted by the corporate overfishing practices. Banning US factory trawlers would allow community-based fishing to continue sustainably in US waters and maintain the coastal ecosystem.

Concerned citizens can send a free fax in support of the ban to the CEOs of Tyson Foods and American Seafoods (the largest owners of these trawlers) by going to www.interactivism.com on the Internet. The full report is on Greenpeace's website at: www. greenpeace.org/~usa.

COPWATCH

A COPWATCH group not only helps our movement, but can strengthen a community and attract new people. This is a compilation of hints and tidbits about dealing with the law if you are hassled, searched, busted, or observe any of the above. Each case is situational: use your instincts. Laws vary on a state-by-state, cop-by-cop basis. Activists get hassled on a variety of fronts, and the police are the first tool that the corporations and state use. Clinton put 100,000 more cops on the streets and the number of prisons is being doubled. The punishment industry is the fastest growing economic sector in America right now. Know your rights. Know your enemy.

COPWATCHING

Citizens generally have a legal right to record police activity, observe from a "safe" distance (usually more than ten feet away), and to refuse to give a name or surrender any ID unless detained. In every situation try to get as many witnesses as possible.

First, remember the Golden Rule: Do unto others as they do unto you (or something to that effect.) This holds true for the nonviolent aspects of police tactics. They take notes, use two-way communication, have a central command for coordination, and record everything. So should we.

• Note taking cannot be stressed enough. Get a notebook and keep it handy with a writing utensil tied to it. Always take names, badge numbers and license plates. Include descriptions that remind you why you wrote down that plate or name. Include the time of day and write down witnesses' phone numbers. Have everyone involved write down what they remember as soon as possible. Memory fades in time and some small forgotten fact may be just the thing to save someone's ass.

• Video cameras rock, but be careful to insure they aren't grabbed or smashed. Plain old still cameras are great, too. A disposable camera, though not ecological, is very portable—and cheaper to replace if taken or smashed.

• When using an audio recorder, also be careful. A copwatcher in Eugene, Oregon, got busted for "illegally obtaining the contents of a conversation" during a park occupation. Apparently, you have to tell the cop you are recording—but they can't stop you. Or just be sneaky and stash your recorder.

• Know your rights. A favorite law enforcement tactic is the "Well, we could always arrest you and take you down to the station for questioning or you could cooperate here." Don't fall for it. Basically, if they have something to arrest you on, they will. If they don't, they may intimidate you into saying something incriminating. A response to this tactic is, "Are you arresting me?" If the answer is "No" or "Not yet," then reply, "I'm very busy, so, if you'll excuse me."

• Remember—saying anything to the police is dangerous. Your mantra should be, "Shut up—police lie." What you say can give the police an excuse to arrest you, especially if you speak "disrespectfully" to a police officer.

If you want an officer to stop questioning you, ask for a lawyer. The officer must stop questioning you at that point.

• A police officer must have "articulable, reasonable suspicion" when detaining you; however, the officer does not have to share with you the reason for talking to you. A police officer must tell you what the charges are if arresting you.

You do not have to answer a police officer's questions, but you must show your driver's license, registration and proof of insurance when stopped while driving an automobile. In other situations you cannot legally be arrested for refusing to identify yourself.

• You do not have to give your consent to any search of yourself, your vehicle or your house. Sometimes a cop will say, "May I search your car," or "You won't mind if I search your car?" Even if you're scared and intimidated, just say, "No, you may not." Consenting to a search will affect your rights later in court. If the police say they have a warrant, ask to see it. Make it clear to the officers and any witnesses that you are not consenting to any search.

• Don't interfere with or obstruct the police, even if they begin an illegal search—you can get arrested (or beat up, maced, tasered, etc.), especially when they are breaking the law. Seek witnesses and get badge numbers and names. If your house is being searched insist on observing the police, which will ensure against "surprise" finds.

• If you are stopped by the police while afoot, ask if you're under arrest. If they say "No," then leave. If you are under arrest and are tempted to try an unarrest, good luck.

• Physical resistance is usually not a good idea. You are on their turf and they have the toys. Resist on your terms, not theirs—wait. Timing is important. If you get pepper-sprayed or maced, wash the area first with dish soap, then lots of water. Be careful to prevent the oil from spreading to other parts of your body. Wash eyes thoroughly. If you are an asthmatic you may need an antihistamine. Get to a hospital, and get on record as being treated for having been sprayed. (There is a mysterious new ailment the police call "Sudden In-Custody Death Syndrome." According to officials, some people in custody mysteriously die after having been pepper-sprayed and hog-tied. Since pepper spray's introduction in 1992, over 30 people have died in California alone after being sprayed by police.)

MASS MOVEMENT SPECIFICS

• If you are evacuating a scene where police are showing up, remember that curiosity is one of the strongest among human traits. Police will check a crime scene out to see if anyone is splitting. Sometimes walking away or rubbernecking instead of running will keep you out of jail.

The police and state prey upon people's ignorance of their rights. Educate yourself and your friends. Remember, cops lie.

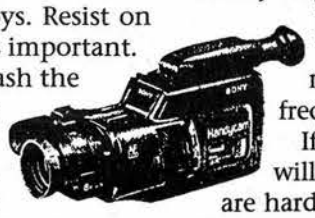
•If arrested, you have the right to remain silent—use it. Tell the police nothing. Don't give explanations or stories or try to justify your conduct. In some mass arrests the "no walk, no talk, no sign, no dine" philosophy is used. This means you won't talk to the cops, you won't eat jail food, you won't walk, you won't sign anything. Of course this often means they won't release you.

•If you're in a demonstration, the ability to change your appearance can come in handy. A change of clothes can be enough.

•Two-way communications are especially important for tactical field situations (such as rallies and multiple blockades). Consider that you will be monitored. Remember, it pays to hide your communications. Cops smash gear, take tapes, arrest folks with walkie-talkies and then will monitor you with your own walkies afterward.

Most radios can be monitored with the simplest of scanners. CBs are no exception, but they require a broad-band scanner to monitor—or a scanning CB which is law enforcement standard issue.

There's no rule that says the bad guys are the only ones who can use technology. Although expensive, police scanners are a valuable item. As long as the authorities don't know you're using one, they will usually stay on a published frequency. Virtually all public frequencies are listed on the World Wide Web or in FCC documentation at most libraries. You can access the other frequencies through alternative publications.



If detected, some law enforcement agencies will switch to unpublished frequencies which are harder to track. Other times they will use cell phones. Federal law prohibits monitoring of mobile telephone conversations of any type.

It is legal to monitor police frequencies. It is illegal to "reveal to any other person, not a party to the transmissions, the contents of those transmissions." Inform yourself regarding laws and regulations which govern scanner use.

CONCLUSION

Remember, if the cops are determined to arrest and hassle you they will, regardless of the legality. By recording their actions and knowing your rights you are setting them up for court. Minimize the chance of incriminating yourself and giving them an excuse to arrest and harass you legally. Keep chanting to your friends, "Shut up—cops lie." Know your enemy.

EARTH NIGHT NEWS

• **Experiment On Vivisector**—Last month 100 masked British activists trashed a vivisector's house on a Saturday afternoon while he was sitting in his back yard. Things like this make us want to move to England!

• **Tarmac Attack!** —In February, 200 anti-roads activists from the Newbury, United Kingdom, protests surrounded Tarmac Headquarters. Whilst the security guards rushed outside to watch over the peaceful demo, about 60 activists sneaked around the back and climbed inside the building via an unlocked window. Faxes, phones and computers were all ecotaged. Plus, the activists rearranged the office filing system! Tarmac was left with thousands of pounds worth of damage. Sadly, there was one arrest.

• **Natives Blow Up Ontario Bridge** —An explosion that knocked out a bridge in northern Ontario's Temagami wilderness may be just the opening shot in a looming battle over increased logging and mining in the area's old-growth forest.

An aboriginal group has claimed responsibility for the explosion, which ripped a gaping a hole in a bridge across the Temagami River about 75 kilometres northwest of North Bay. No one was injured in the blast.

The Ontario government has approved new logging and mining in the Temagami forest, a focus for protests by environmentalists and aboriginal groups since the late 1980s.

Woody Becker, of the Ma Kominsing Anishinawbeg tribal group, said the bridge was blown up to protest the expansion of logging and mining in the region's old-growth pine forests.

Provincial police are also investigating a fire at another bridge in nearby Armagh Township. It was extinguished before it caused serious damage.

DEMOCRACY TEACH-IN:

COMING SOON TO A TOWN NEAR YOU

BY BEN MANSKI

Can we pursue democracy and social justice when corporations are allowed to control so much power and wealth?

Students in the 1960s didn't think so. They began organizing to rid their campuses of ties to the military, and in particular, to the corporations which produced things the military wanted. The intent was to end involvement in the Vietnam War.

Neither did students in the 1970s. On April 22, 1970, the first Earth Day heralded the beginning of the environmental movement, driven by public concern about pollution, resource waste and wilderness destruction committed by major corporations.

Student attitudes hadn't changed by the 1980s. The student movement turned to a new demand, that North America divest "Out of Apartheid," and that corporations, including universities and colleges, cease supporting the racist regime in South Africa.

These justice movements were carried forward by millions of young people across the continent, and they brought home the struggle to stop corporations from committing injustices. And they were all movements which were aided greatly by the use of national teach-ins that served to educate, alert and engage many people in the issue at hand.

Once again, a justice movement is organizing to confront corporate power, and once again a national teach-in will take place. But this teach-in will be in one way fundamentally different: it will not be about stopping corporations from committing injustices in one particular country or against a particular people; it will be about stopping corporate injustices altogether.

Can we pursue democracy and social justice when corporations are allowed to control so much power and wealth?

If the answer is yes, then we can continue our work as we have been, attending public hearings, organizing demonstrations, running electoral campaigns, taking direct action, publishing information, all with the intent of achieving a little more justice, a little more freedom, a little more democracy.

But if the answer is no, if we find the answer to be that for every gain we make there are a hundred setbacks, and that we cannot successfully pursue democracy or social justice, it is time to change our course.

One hundred years ago, a member of the New York Supreme Court stated: "The life of a corporation is worth no more than that of even the humblest citizen."

Yet at that time, the corporation already had more rights than most people on the continent. While women, immigrants, people of color, Native Americans, working men, and the natural world were not accorded even basic rights, the corporation was granted human rights and then some. Since that time, the corporation has come to dominate our economy, culture, and environment more and more, while the rights of wildlife and humanity have all been trivialized to the point that our lives today are worth less than that of any corporation.

From October 13-19, people across the continent will participate in a teach-in about what kind of "democracy" we have; about how the power of the corporation has come to overwhelm the rights of people—including the right to decide the character of their educational system, and of their society.

Whether the teach-in is taking place locally on campus, at a union hall, or in a community center, it will force a debate. And although the Democracy Teach-In is to take place in scores, if not hundreds of communities across the continent, it will force a united question: Can we pursue democracy and social justice when corporations are allowed to control so much power and wealth?

The intention of the Democracy Teach-In is to force questions in as many places as possible, with as many people as possible, and with the determination that justice be done.

Please contact us today if you plan to work on the upcoming October Democracy Teach-In and we'll add your name to the growing list of participants. We can help you research your community, line up speakers, organize a training for the Teach-In, get in touch with other local activists, assemble teaching materials and ensure that your Democracy Teach-In is itself a democratic and open process. Thank you for joining us.

Democracy Teach-In, 731 State Street, Madison, WI 53703; (608) 262-9036.

LONDON FREEWAY...

continued from front page

In what was possibly the scariest moment of the day, police surrounded the vehicles on an empty motorway. The drivers were pulled out and arrested by smug police officers, certain that they had stopped the party.

But the police had underestimated the creativity of the crowd. Hearing that the road had been taken, people began finding alternative ways onto it. Like a river breaking through a dam, the trickle grew into a flood. One large group walked far around the police line, coming up from behind and simply running past it onto the street! Others found ways through back streets and climbed onto the road further up.

At the blockade, those not already arrested had clambered onto the sound system trucks and witnessed the amazing sight of thousands of people running up the motorway towards them. Police faces dropped quickly and as the crowd neared they began backing off. The arm-twisted, quick-cuffed arrestees, on a nod from a sergeant were swiftly de-arrested and the vehicles were soon swarmed with partygoers. The sides of the lorries were opened and the sound systems kicked off. The people roared. The party was on!

Dig For Victory!

Climbers hung enormous banners the breadth of the motorway. Some were art pieces, a huge sun and colorful murals, while others proclaimed "Destroy Power!" "Support the Tubeworkers" and "The society that abolishes adventure, makes its own abolition the only adventure."

A struggle ensued when police tried to stop other decorations and equipment being brought in from a nearby estate. One van containing the soundsystem for live bands was impounded, but once again, faced with an active crowd, the authority of the police dissolved. They retreated and in came carpets, armchairs—a complete living room! A ton of sand was laid on the tarmac and stalls set up on the hard shoulder. Three thirty-foot "pantomime dames" glided through the party throwing confetti. Food stalls gave away free stew and sandwiches; graffiti artists added color to the tarmac; poets ranted from the railings; acoustic bands played and strolling players performed. The tripod sitters, isolated by a police line from the party, negotiated their inclusion and joined the mass of people. The police retreated to the ends of the road, settling for redirecting traffic and arguing amongst themselves.

Beneath the giant skirt of one of the dames, de-constructionists set to work. Using a pneumatic drill in time to the techno music, the tarmac of the road was repeatedly attacked until large craters littered the fast lane (Enthusiasts were later seen comparing chunks of motorway!). The lunar landscape was then "naturalized" by planting sapling trees rescued from the path of the M11 link road.

As the sun set on an extraordinary day, people lit fires on the road, collected litter and removed the banners. The sound systems announced another free party elsewhere in London, then at 11pm the music went off, and the trucks drove off to the cheers of a grateful crowd.

For nearly ten hours the M41 vibrated, not to the repetitive roar of the car system, but to a human uprising; the living sound of a festival. As one activist put it to a disgruntled copper, "Think yourself lucky, we could have gone anywhere: Buckingham Palace, Downing Street, thousands of people climbing up Parliament."

And, as another said, "Today we are only practicing. Tomorrow, anything is possible!"

Contact London Reclaim the Streets POB 9656, London N4 4YJ, (0171) 281-4621, e-mail: rts@gn.apc.org.

...and they saw that the Editors had shit for brains,

continued from page 3

up and down every day. There's no reason for it, so it must be a really righteous new tactic. I'm probably too bourgeois to understand. I'm sure public opinion will be transformed.

All of us Middle Guard in our naïveté didn't realize that the blockade had nothing to do with image, or influencing the public. Apparently it was actually to keep the Forest Service out, no matter how hard they tried to break through. But it only took the Freds half a day to clear the road all the way to the top. Something must have gone wrong. But we won anyway, and I thought it was because of our commitment and because of how cool the blockade was, how it inspired the people of Oregon and the rest of the country to demand the sale's withdrawal. Shows what I know.

My old affinity group is generally in its thirties these days and have been activists of one sort or another since the mid-eighties, when we were twenty-one or so. And yet not one of us has two pennies to rub together. I live in a shack with an outhouse I built myself. In the evenings we sit around with our neighbors from the other shacks and enjoy our class privileges.

It must be nice living in a free state, with all that free food. A lot of capitalist running dogs worked hard to supply Warner Creek, so you could defend it. They'll all be glad when the revolution comes, cause then everything at the grocery store will be free, and they can have a break too.

I've always been of the opinion that as people get older they get interested in their own little niches where they can do the work that best suits them. Some people up and quit what they were doing and go off and do something else—that's true. Other keep on, year after year. And Earth First!ers who are ten or fifteen years older than you dress differently. They probably don't run around in the woods so much, the old bones being as they are. They have probably also figured out a way to get by or a place to live at, without having to lowbag at base camps. I'd have never thought to accuse them of being middle class, capitalist, privileged, mainstream, comfortable, polite and accessible bourgeoisie. But then I guess I never actively tried to deconstruct anything except for a couple of old houses that we were able to take the lumber from.

I never realized before how very bad all those old Earth First!ers were who've given their all to defending the forest. Some of them have grey hairs—and wrinkles. Some of them even have children (gasp!).

I was wrong to believe that dreadlocks, bell-bottom corduroys, fifty-dollar suede skateboard sneakers, nose rings and aprondresses had nothing to do with radical politics, and that what's in your head and your heart does. I guess that's ageist thinking that's due for retirement.

—James Barnes

Home Canning Pickles in the Rocking Chair

Dear SFB,

After reading Anne R. Key's piece in the last *Journal* and talking with some folks at the late Warner blockade (Cascadia Free State), I get the unsettling feeling that some folks out on the front lines right now are receiving a little undeserved flack from some of *us* who aren't out there everyday, either because we're gardening, canning and fixing leaking yurt and shack roofs a little bit more than we used to, or because we're doing more writing, speaking and media work these days.

Lets face it, this is the 90s not the 80s, and things *are* a whole lot worse! While I don't generally use a mask at actions, with new "anti-terrorism" legislation being ushered in, and the increased "para-militarization" of Freddies and others, I don't blame folks for wearing a mask, using an alias, or taking other measure (self defense classes, etc.). Talk with any Latin American activist (or activist of color for that matter), and you realize that police states and disappeared persons *do* happen, to people like us in times like ours. We ain't on the Bald Mountain Road anymore, folks! We're dealing with camoclad "super Freddies" and an expanded use of dogs and pain holds. New times require new tactics, and if a mask and cute alias keeps someone out there locking down and slowing stuff up (especially if somebody's doing these things in the conservative community where they *live*!) while I'm home canning pickles, then more power to 'em.

I am reminded of the demonstrations during the Gulf War (yup way back then), when the yuppie peace heads employed green-arm-banded "peacekeepers" ("peace nazis") to keep us young (and old) riff raff from trashing recruiting centers, stopping traffic, and generally doing things that might put a bad media image on "their" demo. Of course we're out to win the hearts and minds of the American people, and sometimes a clean-cut talking head helps with that, but we need to be slowing the juggernaut down with multiple strategies. "I vote... *and* I riot!"

I don't think this is so much about age as about the acceptance of new tactics. Lets not forget that populations with greater diversity are better able to withstand environmental stress. Evolve or perish, diversity rocks!

See you in the woods (um... after the potatoes are dug, and tomatoes and beans put up)!

—Garth

Get Well, Utah

Dear Earth First!,

For those of you not aware, Utah Phillips, singer, songwriter and a strong friend of many in the Labor/Environmental movement, is suffering from heart problems that leave him unable to perform on the road.

Since Utah has given so much to so many and helped bolster many a spirit, it would be great if everyone out there could send a donation to help Utah through some difficult times. The Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) has set up a Utah Phillips Solidarity Fund and donations can be sent to the IWW/Utah Phillips Fund, 103 W. Michigan Ave., Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

—Bob Krzewinski

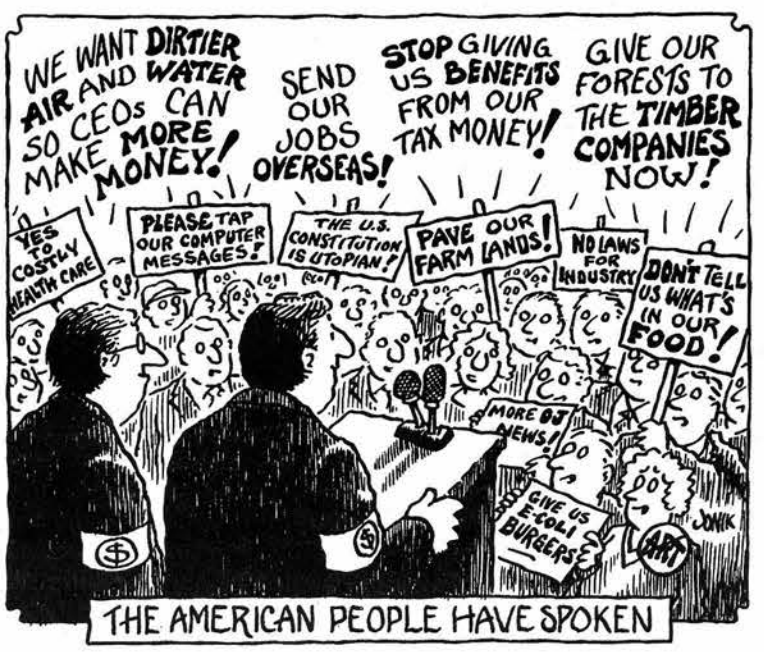
Long Live the Young Lions

I felt really moved when I read the article by Normazy, "The Struggle to Save Mother Africa."

This gave me so much strength and hope. Now our hands can grab the hands of our African brothers, the Young Lions, and the chain of the mother's warriors or guardian of the planet will become even stronger and I hope more unbreakable.

I send all my respect and my support to the Young Lions, brothers on the planet, warriors of Africa.

—Jennifer
From the Old Europe


WE WANT DIRTIER AIR AND WATER SO CEOs CAN MAKE MORE MONEY!
SEND OUR JOBS OVERSEAS!
STOP GIVING US BENEFITS FROM OUR TAX MONEY!
GIVE OUR FORESTS TO THE TIMBER COMPANIES NOW!
YES TO COSTLY HEALTH CARE
PLEASE TAP OUR COMPUTER MESSAGES!
THE U.S. CONSTITUTION IS UTOPIAN!
PAVE OUR FARM LANDS!
NO LAWS FOR INDUSTRY
DON'T TELL US WHAT'S IN OUR FOOD!
MORE OJ NEWS!
GIVE US E-COLI BURGERS!
JONIK
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE SPOKEN

Catron County, Here We Come

Dear EF!

Here is an idea that I thought I'd toss out there and see if it will fly. Many rural counties in western states have a lot of wilderness land and not very many people. Most of the people they do have are employed in earth-unfriendly industries and/or ideologically hostile to laws protecting the environment. Local law enforcement is likely to be hostile to EF! as well.

Why not pick one such county somewhere and move in? If, say, 3,000 Earth First!ers moved into a country with only 2,000 registered voters and established residence before an election, EF! would own that country the day after the elections. That would include the local sheriff's office, the right to pass ordinances prohibiting grazing or logging, the power to order roads closed and removed, ban hunting, etc. All it would take is enough adult citizens to relocate to the selected county and register to vote. Under federal laws there isn't a damn thing the locals could do to stop an EF! takeover of their county government.

It would require 3,000 people to have enough of a commitment to the earth to give up jobs, school, family obligations, etc. For at least long enough to qualify as residents before the elections, and it would require money for housing, etc. in an area with no jobs available. Are there 3,000 people in this country who would drop everything and move to a strange and hostile community to save a wilderness? To set an example that could lead to other "move-in" takeovers of small towns and rural counties? Probably not if you count just the Earth First! movement, but the animal rights movement and other sources of recruits could probably add enough to the total willing to make the commitment. Keep in mind that this time nobody is asking anyone to get arrested or to lock down or tree sit; just move into the area and vote in the next election. Sure, the locals won't like it, but the entrenched white establishment in southern counties with a black majority didn't like black voter registration drives in the '60 s either, but those counties have black-controlled governments today.

Let's hear some discussion and ideas on this one. Got a sparsely-settled county in mind? Within two years it could be officially renamed "Wild County" and have an EF!er as sheriff, with EF! control of schools, roads, and other facets of county government such as land use and zoning. Let's talk about it!

—Unsigned

Pure Delight

Dear *Earth First! Journal*,

Just a quick note to tell you that it is my pure delight to subscribe to your journal, which I have just been activated and thought-provoked by this morning. The June *Journal* provides a great education in a slew of environmental issues encircling us and inviting us to grapple with them.

I appreciate the forum that allows many viewpoints, commonly linked by a passionate belief in defending the Earth, in one place and then leaves the reader to feast on, digest, spit out, or compost the bevy of viewpoints shared in the journal.

We hope that viewpoints evolve with time, experience and education, and if the journal is any indication of this progression, being created by those who contribute to it and who concurrently find inspiration from it, you are providing a critical service to all of us! Further inspiration can be found in the newly-published book of Aldo Leopold's essays, *The River of the Mother of God*, 1994, which provides a moving example of changes in thinking regarding issues such as wilderness policy, large carnivores, and ranges, as redefined and refined by Leopold over his years. It is a wonderful book.

Thanks for your work and best wishes,

—Laura Anderson

News from the Department of Trollheim

Dear US Earth First!,

I read in the British *EF! Action Update* that you have built a fortress in order to prevent the Forestry Service from doing their dirty business in the Free State of Cascadia. I am writing to you to tell you about a hill fort we have been building in Devon in the southwest of England.

The site is set on the proposed route of a road which is set to destroy a huge chunk of the southwest. Although 90 percent of the clearance work has already been completed, there are still three camps set up and well established. Two of these camps are large tree sites with many tree houses and even an underground tunnel network.

The site I and about fifteen others sit is the hill fort. We are collectively known as "The Department of Trollheim." We are renowned for our impressive building of large immovable structures, our latest being the construction of a 40-foot log cabin on stilts on the route of the Newbury bypass. To enter this structure that contained three people, it took nine bailiffs, four ladders, two cherry pickers, a sledge hammer and a six-foot wrecking bar. Still it took them a long time to enter.

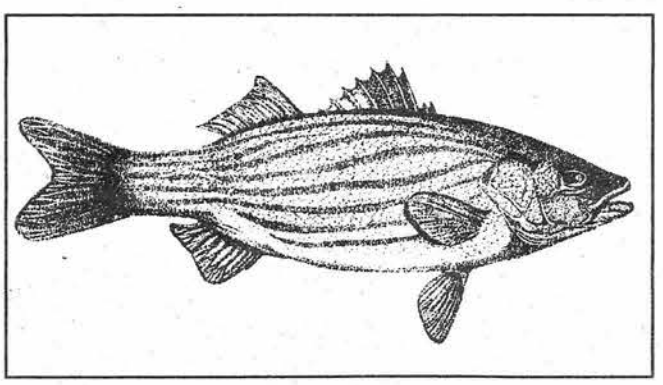
Our site occupies a piece of woodland that was felled to make way for the new A30 link from Exeter to Honiton. The road also forms part of the Trans-European network.

We have taken timber from the felled trees to create an impregnable fortress.

...and it was good.

As you have probably experienced, there is great difficulty in creating drawbridges that are completely hard-core and unbreakable, and are very easy to shut in an emergency situation. There is also difficulty in creating a door that can stand up to the wear and tear of everyday usage. As you have already probably found out, drawbridges are very heavy and without a good lifting mechanism often take two or three people to lift. After about six months of constant work on our two drawbridges we can happily say that we have invented the "perfect" drawbridge.

We also have perfected the art of building solid battlements made of just ordinary timber you see lying around when you go wood collecting for the fire.



Techniques have been established for carrying huge logs often to sizes of 50 feet between just a handful of people.

Also we have perfected that art of raising single pine trees back into the air again in the position of which they were felled using the same techniques as are used in lifting and staking out huge wind generators.

Tunnels are also a great defense against many things including any heavy machinery, land rovers, etc. I spoke to a caver who was hired to investigate the tunnels at Snelsmore during the third battle of Newbury. His words were, "completely unevictable." Unfortunately the tunnels were empty during the eviction, and therefore have not been tried out in an eviction situation. We have great experience in digging these tunnels, the shoring and many safety procedures as we have a vast tunnel network at Fort Trollheim.

Is any of this information of any use to your campaigns? If so, would you like more information, diagrams and general literature on what's going on?

Please write back to me at the address below. Perhaps we could exchange information.

Fuck the system
Unite
Destroy all Babylon
Yours sincerely,

—Jaye Green
Dept. of Trollheim, A30 Action
POB 6, The Post Office
Mill St., Ottery St. Mary
Devon, England

Vital Info on Letters

Hello EF!,

I'm renewing but I'm a little pissed. I've been into EF! for almost 10 years. I sent a letter to Shit for Brains, and it was never put in the *Journal*. If this is supposed to be a forum for ideas, why wasn't my idea put in the *Journal*? If you are picking and choosing according to what you believe then this movement is headed for extinction. I surely hope not.

For the Wild!

—Rich Conte

Ed. note: Sorry, Rich, but we obviously can't print every letter we receive.

Angling Toward Extinction

Dear *Earth First! Journal*,

Hi there. In the recent debate in the *EF!J* about angling, little attention was paid to its environmental consequences.

SLOB HUNTERS

The first environmental arguments against angling are all those we are familiar with when arguing against hunting. The angler who catches every fish they see. The poacher who takes any fish they fancy, without any respect. The trophy angler who goes for the fittest of the species, thus depleting the gene pool, etc.

Besides the anti-slob hunting arguments we are all familiar with, there are other issues.

FISH-EATING WILDLIFE IS THREATENED

In Britain, otters are protected from hunting. Yet anglers are in competition with the otters for fish. A Nature Conservancy Council report has stated that angling has "a large potential for disturbance of the otter."

Mink have been branded as vermin, by anglers, because they eat fish. Angling clubs trap minks and are putting pressure on official bodies to start slaughtering the animals. Goosanders and cormorants are two birds also under the same threat. Herons and seals are already killed to protect fish stocks.

DISCARDED TACKLE.

Lost and discarded tackle is responsible for the death and suffering of both wildlife and domestic animals. Even the most conscientious anglers will lose tackle when it becomes snagged on underwater obstructions and bankside vegetation. Swans and other fowl are particularly vulnerable as they pick up hooks and weights or become entangled in non-biodegradable lines, leading to starvation and sometimes severed limbs.

ROTTEN FISH BAIT

It is common for anglers to throw loose bait into the water to allow the "swim" to build up (i.e. so lots of fish are attracted to that spot of water where the angler is). This bait can then sink to the bottom of the waterways, rot and cause pollution.

DESTRUCTION OF VEGETATION

To carry out their sport anglers need to get to the river bank. Often to do so they will hack down vegetation and make no effort to stop the bank turning into a mud slide.

ANIMAL LIBERATIONISTS AND ECODEFENDERS MUST UNITE

I often hear people talking about animal liberation and ecodefence as if the issues are separate. Yet they are not! I have been involved with Earth First! ever since it came to Britain in 1991. I was drawn to Earth First! because Deep Ecology is a natural extension of animal liberation. I can not think of one animal liberation issue that doesn't have an equal concern for ecodefence activists. Nor can I think of one ecodefence issue that doesn't somehow involve animals.

Animal abuse in all its many forms, including angling, is an ecodefence issue and we must not allow the blood-sports fraternity to tell us any different. For Animal/Earth Liberation.

—Rabbix

(The author of this letter is currently on Police Bail charged with inciting both animal liberation and ecodefence activities both in Britain and in other countries. The police also suspect him of being personally involved with bomb hoaxes and tree spiking but due to a lack of evidence have not been able to charge him with these offenses. For more information about the case contact BM HEAL, London, WC1N3XX, England).

A Complaint

To the editors:

When are you going to *regularly* publish info on MOVE prisoners? The "whiteness" of the movement is no longer an excuse. This kind of racist omission really should not continue.

—Jamie McGowan

Ed. Note: When articles and updates are submitted regularly on the MOVE prisoners. One cannot omit something that is not submitted. And just when was "whiteness" ever an excuse?

This has put us all at wit's end. We need help. Please! Knowledge, tactics, info from other states that have these plants on their rules and regulations on burning, storage and removal, etc.

Our time is short. We learned of this on August 7. Our meeting with the DEQ is on October 9. None of us is a scientist, but our concern is with Michigan. Michigan has become a dump site and considering it is surrounded by water that supplies much of the fresh water in this country—let's just say it's like "death from within!"

Please help.

Thank you,

—Diane Dingeldein
216 State, Box 533
Lincoln, MI 48742
(517) 736-6051
Fax (517) 736-8138

This Town Ain't Big Enough for, uh... Your Stickers

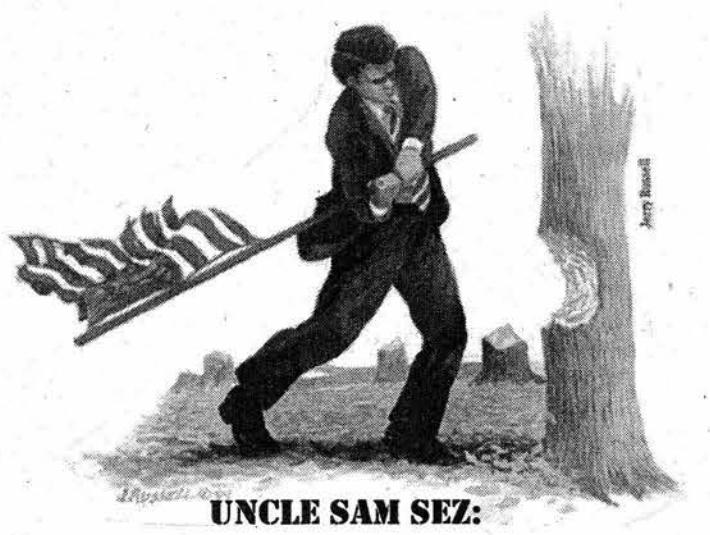
To the *Journal*,

Well, I stopped in Quilcene, WA yesterday, on my way back from camping in the Olympic National Park. I got gas and a snack at the gas station, and while I was in the store a logger guy in a big pickup truck parked next to my car. He was looking at me while he was in the store. When I went back out to my car, my DARWIN bumper sticker had been removed. (I didn't see him do it, but I can put 2 and 2 together). My, but isn't he big and tough? Boy, he really intimidated me.

Enclosed is a buck. Please send me one (replacement) Darwin bumper sticker. Thank you very much.

—Kirk Johnson

PS—Quilcene is a Logging town (note the capital "L"). I wonder why he didn't remove my STOP CLEARCUTTING sticker instead?



UNCLE SAM SEZ:

"DON'T FORGET TO VOTE ON NOVEMBER 5!"

Help!

To whom it may concern,

Recently it was brought to our attention in the small rural community of Lincoln, MI, that an energy plant that has so far burned wood chips has requested a permit to burn alternative fuels. This would be products such as tires, pentachlorophenol-treated wood, creosote-treated wood, etc.

How Come?

How come:

Stock prices rise when workers are laid off?

Corporations paid 39 percent of property taxes in the 1950s and 17 percent in the 1980s? How did they get to shift $92 billion a year from taxes to "tax deductible" interest payments? Do our decaying schools, crumbling bridges and pot-holed streets owe anything to this loss of revenue?

From 1980 to 1993 Fortune 500 companies shed 4.1 million jobs—one in four while sales increased by 140 percent, assets increased by 230 percent, and executive salaries increased by 610 percent?

Business Week says: Modern multinational corporations are not social institutions. They will play governments off one another, shift pricing to minimize taxes, seek to sway public opinion, export jobs, or withhold technology to maintain a competitive edge.

We are fretting over a $17 billion welfare reform bill when we just paid Pentagon generals $20 billion more than they asked for?

One million Mexican families and hundreds of thousands US workers will be displaced by NAFTA—while US taxpayers just ponied up $50 billion to bail out the US banks who are creating this mega mess?

A corporation can be legally regarded as a "person" when it is not subject to be drafted into the military to defend the very form of government which charters it?

Of the world's largest 100 economies, 50 are corporations?

The world's 500 largest industrial corporations—which employ 5/100ths of one percent of the world's population—control 25 percent of the world's economic output?

The 50 largest banks control 60 percent of the global stock of productive capital?

Corporations militate against centralized, planned economies, yet seek to substitute their own centralization and planning to administer world resources.

Corporate propaganda advocates freedom and democracy, but when countries actually make a move toward freedom and democracy corporations move their plants elsewhere?

Reagan cut corporate taxes and capital gains so corporations could reinvest in America—but they used that tax windfall to build plants in foreign countries with minimal labor laws?

Two companies, Cargill and ConAgra, control 50 percent of US grain exports?

Taco Bell and Microsoft use US prison labor at a fraction of normal labor costs?

The Founding Fathers fought a Revolutionary War in 1776 in order to end corporate domination of the American economy by the Hudson Bay and East India Companies—two British global corporations which had decided the American colonies were not allowed to manufacture their own pants, shirts, or metalware... Is it happening again?

—Rich and Craig

Thank You

We wish to thank everyone for their tremendous support for us after the fire. It has inspired us to know that our community will pull together to help each other in times of crisis, which has transformed the "disaster" into a rebirth for us.

Gratefully,

—The Blue Mountains Biodiversity Project
& Karen, Asanté and Sasha

ANNOUNCEMENTS & ADVERTISEMENTS

WORLD RAINFOREST WEEK '96—OCTOBER 19-27
Rainforest Action Day—October 16

World Rainforest Week 1996 is quickly approaching. All over the world, from October 19 to 27, people will celebrate the diversity and resist the destruction of the world's forests. Additionally, the Rainforest Action Network (RAN) invites you to join them in a day of action preceding World Rainforest Week on October 16th.

Mitsubishi is one of the world's worst forest destroyers, responsible for the destruction of forests from Canada to Brazil to Southeast Asia. Mitsubishi is also involved in other earth-poisoning projects such as mining, oil developments, nuclear power and chemical plants. Mitsubishi even does business with the ultra-oppressive State Law and Order Restitution Council in Burma! So we're inviting all of our friends (YOU!) to come together all over North America and the world, to challenge one of the most destructive multinational corporations in the world—Mitsubishi!

Come up with new and creative ways to turn up the heat on Mitsubishi. We encourage non-violent direct action, including civil disobedience, demonstrations, protests and vigils. Consider these Mitsubishi targets: Mitsubishi Heavy Industries, Mitsubishi-owned banks (Bank of California, Union Bank, Bank of Tokyo), Nikon camera dealers and Value Rent-A-Car. Contact us for a more complete list of targets in your area!

To make a real difference, activists all over the earth will have to work together and coordinate our efforts against this transnational corporation. Let our spirit be reflected in our just, necessary and courageous actions and our challenges be met by our love, spirit, dedication and creativity.

Contact RAN for specific information about any Mitsubishi subsidiaries and detailed information about how RAN can assist your actions during World Rainforest Week.

For more information contact Donna Parker at the Rainforest Action Network, 450 Sansome St., 7th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94133; (415) 398-4404; e-mail: boycottmc@igc.apc.org.

"Wow! Did yaz see doze new mwachandice pages? I tink I'ms gonna buy soma dat stoff. Hek, I mite as wells subscwibe whilst I'm at it."

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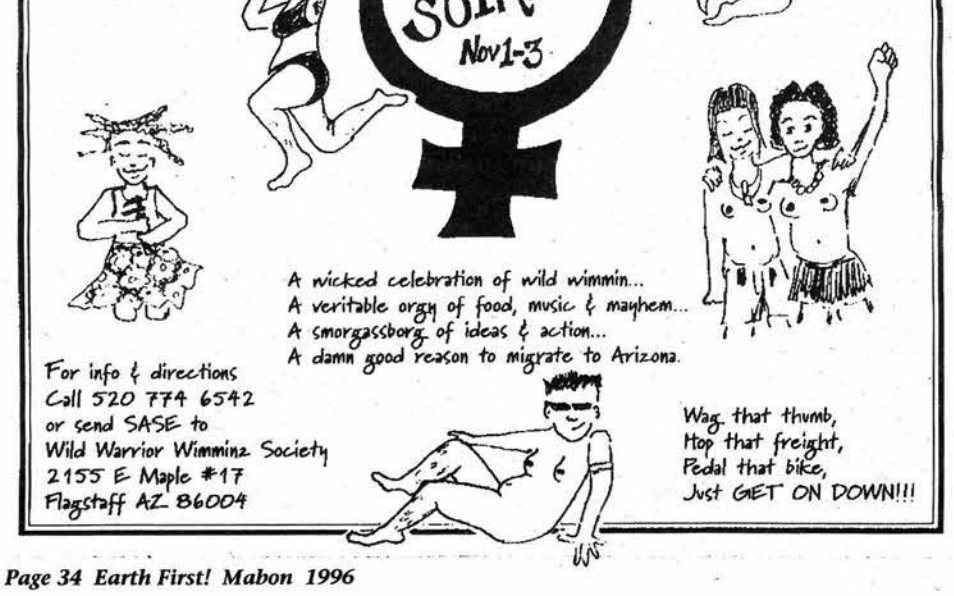
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END CORPORATE DOMINANCE!
International Day of Action—October 29

It has the world's resources at its disposal. It gobbles whole mountains and drinks rivers dry, spews toxic waste and enslaves whole populations. It has all the rights of a citizen, but few of the limitations. It has powers that dwarf and control governments. It controls humans' access to food, water, shelter, employment, information and energy. If humans struggle against its tyranny, it buys them out or takes them out with lawsuits, firings, harassment, and if necessary, murder.

Is this some sort of selfish, ill-tempered GOD? No, it's a CORPORATION. Why do we allow an inanimate thing to have so much power over our lives and the fate of the entire planet?

This is what the EF! campaign to END CORPORATE DOMINANCE is about. Whether you are an environmentalist, a labor activist, a human rights campaigner, a campaign finance reformer, or any citizen in a dispute with any corporation; your ideas, words, and actions can help the campaign.

DAY OF ACTION

October 29, the anniversary of Black Tuesday, was selected as a day of action against corporations. Across the world, groups will be planning actions targeting their least favorite corporate plunderer. Whether your group chooses MAXXAM, Shell, Nike, Mitsubishi, Exxon or Champion, whether your target is the corporate headquarters, a neighborhood toxic dump or the CEO's private residence, corporations around the world will feel our united rage! We will be challenging their legal "personhood" status, burning their corporate charters, and blocking their operations.

If your group wants to participate in the INTERNATIONAL DAY OF ACTION TO END CORPORATE DOMINANCE, please contact the End Corporate Dominance Campaign. Begin organizing your action TODAY! To help coordinate media, we would like to know a little about each action. Please send a draft of your press release ASAP, and we will forward information to other participants for use at their protests. Let's be BOLD, CREATIVE and UNCOMPROMISING!

These protests will not be taking place in a vacuum. The challenge to corporate dominance is coming from all over the world; from labor, human rights, indigenous resistance, peace, social justice and environmental movements. In the US, teach-ins focusing on Corporations, Education and Democracy will be taking place at over 100 locations during the third week of October. *[See article on page 31.]* October 29 demonstrations will be a perfect follow-through for energy and ideas generated at the teach-ins. Our actions will reinforce each other's campaigns. LET'S GET WITH IT!

EF! End Corporate Dominance Campaign c/o EF! Austin, POB 7292, Austin, TX 78713; (512) 320-0413; entropy@eden.com

STUDENT ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION COALITION
PENNSYLVANIA ENVIRONMENTAL NETWORK CONFERENCE
NOVEMBER 8-10

The Student Environmental Action Coalition and the Pennsylvania Environmental Network will be hosting a conference on the Penn State University campus from November 8 to 10.

Friday night's main speaker will be Zulene Mayfield, chairwoman of the Chester Residents Concerned for Quality Living, a minority group in the city of Chester, Pennsylvania, it's about the "worst case of environmental racism in the nation." Saturday's main speaker will be John Stauber from the Center for Media and Democracy, a group which works to expose the workings of the public relations industry. John Stauber is co-author of the book *Toxic Sludge is Good for You!—Lies, Damn Lies and the Public Relations Industry*. After Mr. Stauber's speech there will be entertainment by Earth First! activist and folk singer Robert Hoyt.

There will be workshops addressing nuclear waste dumping, dioxins, the alleged forest health crisis, computer networking, Pepsico and human rights violations in Burma, sewage sludge, food safety, raising hell on campuses and in communities, mining, vegetarianism, landfills and incineration, developing campaign strategies, wood smoke pollution, the cancer and AIDS industries, labor and the environment, and civil disobedience/direct action.

This conference will be a unique opportunity to bring together student and community environmentalists. The conference itself is free. For details and registration, contact Mike Ewall at RD2 Box 432, Summerville, PA 15864 (215) 752-1202; e-mail: pen@envirolink.org.

CASEY NEILL ON TOUR!

Casey Neill, the rowdy EF! rocker, hits the road this fall with hand percussionist Dave White. Folks interested in putting on a show can call (206) 517-5071 or e-mail: jlks@ speakeasy.org or check out our website at http:/www.speakeasy.org/~jlks/casey/.
All the following dates are tentative and subject to change. Riffraffin on....

OCTOBER
9—Seattle, WA @ The Black Cat
10—Newport/Yachats, OR
11—Arcata, CA
12—Garberville, CA (?)
16—Willits/Ukiah, CA
17—Davis, CA @ The Saloon w/the Diane PattersonSextet—Midwifery Benefit
18—Davis, CA @ Delta of Venus
22-24—Bay Area shows
call (510) 848-8724 for info
26—Angels Camp, CA w/Clan Dyken
late OCT—Palo Alto and Cotati, CA
NOVEMBER
14-17—Salt Lake City Area

The First Bioregional Gathering of "The Americas"

November 17-24

Meztitla, Tepoztlán

Moreles, México

This historic gathering represents the formal coming together of two powerful networks: the bioregional movement of the North and the Earth Guardian Vision Councils of the South. Two years in the planning, this historic event is intended to dissolve old barriers to communication and forge new alliances for the future of the Earth.

The week will include councils and workshops, men's and women's circles, ceremonies, local community involvement, a market and celebration. Accelerated Spanish language courses will be offered before and after the congress.

Participants must preregister and deposit half of the US $200 fee by November 1. For more information in the US, contact: Beatrice Briggs, Turtle Island Office, 4035 Ryan Road, Blue Mounds, WI 53517 USA; (608) 767-3931, fax 767-3932; e-mail: beabriggs @aol.com.

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ZERO CUT ON VIDEO

What should be the purpose of America's public forests? Should they be for the profit of extractive industries, or to provide life support for current and future generations of all living things?

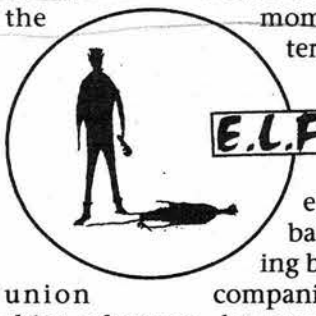
"End Logging On Public Lands," a new video by the Sierra Club Many Rivers Group, asks this question and argues for ending all commercial logging on public lands. With a national focus, and endorsed by environmental groups from across the country, this hard-hitting 14-minute video features interviews with forest workers, activists and Forest Service veterans, as well as dramatic images of federal timber sales, aerial footage of national forests and satellite photography. "End Logging On Public Lands" is an all-volunteer, grassroots effort produced by Eugene, OR, activists Brett Cole and Phil Nanas.

Suggested donation is $10, including shipping. Media, cable access, educational inquiries welcome. Bulk copies for distribution are available at cost. Each tape includes an action packet, full of valuable campaign information.

To order a copy, make checks payable to Brett Cole and send them to the John Muir Sierrans, POB 25431, Eugene, OR 97402; (541) 302-1714 or e-mail Phil Nanas at zerocut2@aol.com.

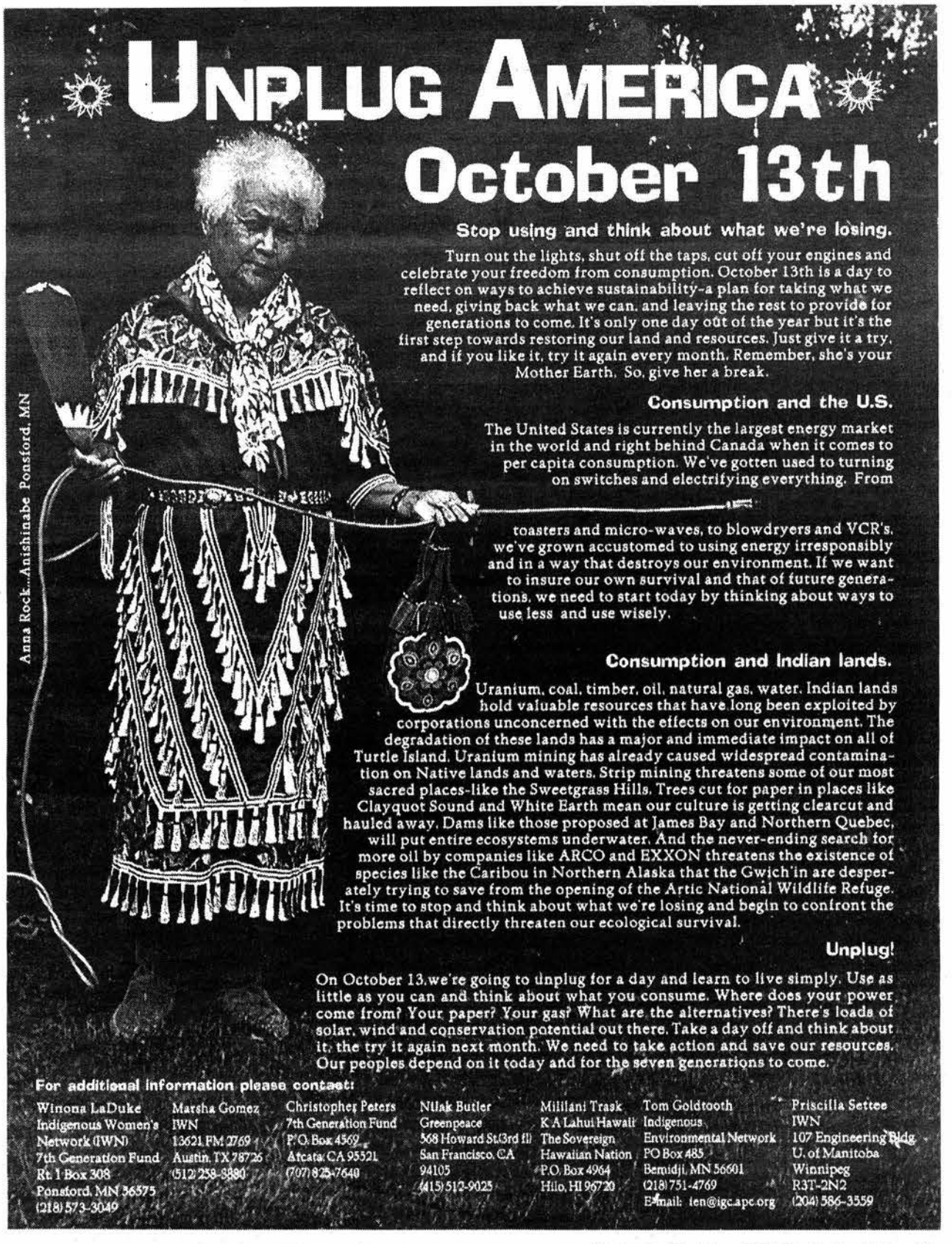
ELF HALLOWEEN SMASH

The Earth Liberation Front (ELF) again calls for its annual Earth Nights, the time when we ask all ELFin, Animal Liberation Front, anti-nuclear, human-rights, worker, anti-fascist and other revolutionary groups to come out and take action against those who are destroying the earth. Halloween is traditionally the time when all those who are never seen come out and are visible, for this is the moment to be heard. NO matter what the targets—road companies, lumber yards, vivisection labs, hunting stations, McDonalds, nuclear energy offices, military bases, waste dumps, whaling boats, fascist groups, anti-union companies, third world dictatorships, whatever—let us unite all the radical forces who are striving for a better world. Let the seven nights of Earth Night allow those who are destroying this planet to be witness to some of the most destructive eco-sabotage and criminal damage ever seen, persuading them to either give up their practices or suffer the consequences!!!



As always, ELF calls for no injury to life, only to profit and property.

[For more information about ELF see page 18.]


UNPLUG AMERICA
October 13th
Stop using and think about what we're losing.
Turn out the lights, shut off the taps, cut off your engines and celebrate your freedom from consumption. October 13th is a day to reflect on ways to achieve sustainability-a plan for taking what we need, giving back what we can, and leaving the rest to provide for generations to come. It's only one day out of the year but it's the first step towards restoring our land and resources. Just give it a try, and if you like it, try it again every month. Remember, she's your Mother Earth. So, give her a break.
Consumption and the U.S.
The United States is currently the largest energy market in the world and right behind Canada when it comes to per capita consumption. We've gotten used to turning on switches and electrifying everything. From toasters and micro-waves, to blowdryers and VCR's, we've grown accustomed to using energy irresponsibly and in a way that destroys our environment. If we want to insure our own survival and that of future generations, we need to start today by thinking about ways to use less and use wisely.
Consumption and Indian lands.
Uranium, coal, timber, oil, natural gas, water. Indian lands hold valuable resources that have long been exploited by corporations unconcerned with the effects on our environment. The degradation of these lands has a major and immediate impact on all of Turtle Island. Uranium mining has already caused widespread contamination on Native lands and waters. Strip mining threatens some of our most sacred places-like the Sweetgrass Hills. Trees cut for paper in places like Clayquot Sound and White Earth mean our culture is getting clearcut and hauled away. Dams like those proposed at James Bay and Northern Quebec, will put entire ecosystems underwater. And the never-ending search for more oil by companies like ARCO and EXXON threatens the existence of species like the Caribou in Northern Alaska that the Gwich'in are desperately trying to save from the opening of the Artic National Wildlife Refuge. It's time to stop and think about what we're losing and begin to confront the problems that directly threaten our ecological survival.
Unplug!
On October 13, we're going to unplug for a day and learn to live simply. Use as little as you can and think about what you consume. Where does your power come from? Your paper? Your gas? What are the alternatives? There's loads of solar, wind and conservation potential out there. Take a day off and think about it, the try it again next month. We need to take action and save our resources. Our peoples depend on it today and for the seven generations to come.
For additional information please contact:
Winona LaDuke, Indigenous Women's Network (IWN), 7th Generation Fund, Rt. 1 Box 308, Ponsford, MN 36575, (218) 573-3049
Marsha Gomez, IWN, 13621 FM 2769, Austin, TX 78726, (512) 258-8380
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INSIDE: THE COLLAPSE OF CIVILIZATION VEGANISM CARMAGEDDON HOW TO D.I.Y. HEMP
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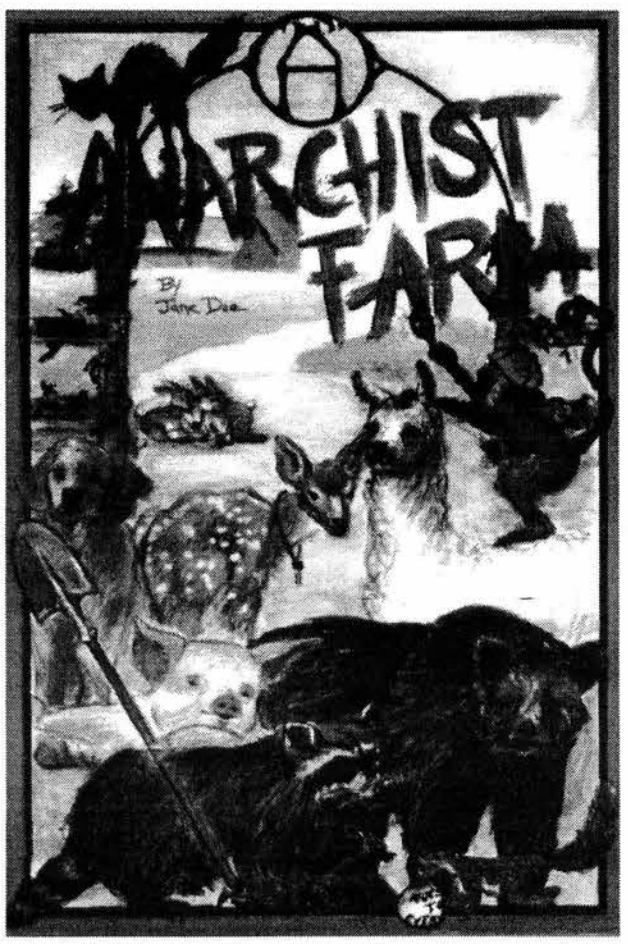
Animal Farm turns *Anarchist Farm*

BOOK REVIEW BY SUZY

Next time you're dusting off the bookshelf or cleaning out your backpack, be sure to make room next to your tattered ol' copy of Orwell's *Animal Farm* for its modern day sister sequel: *Anarchist Farm* by Jane Doe.

You see, while the rest of us have been ballyhooing in our beers about diversity, or lack thereof, within the movement, Jane Doe has been busy taking the offensive. She pulled a character or two from each of a dozen or so cauldrons and threw them together into one fabulously woven tale. *Anarchist Farm* illustrates diversity in action. It's a raucous tale of revolution and liberation, replete with caricatures of Earth First!, Food Not Bombs, hippies, crispies and even a lesbian pig.



The book does not strive for complex philosophical debate. Instead, *Anarchist Farm* is endearingly simplistic and surprisingly inspiring. What could be more charming than a bunch of wild animals monkeywrenching logging equipment, domestic critters overthrowing their farm, and an eventual coalition between the two to subvert the corporate beast? It's goofy, it's funny, and it's damn smart.

Much of the symbolism is true and timely and a little too obvious for us to ignore. The obstacle that looms between the animals and the Great Stampede is humbly summed up in the immortal words of Hans, the gun-totin' German shepherd: "The corporation wants us to hate each other and fight each other. That keeps us too busy to fight them."

Amid the silliness, Jane Doe never undermines the very serious and difficult choices we—as a real life movement of people—must make when reconciling our principles with our goals. Because of this, *Anarchist Farm* does a great service to those of us grasping for a contemporary context for nonviolence.

Okay, it might not be destined to be a classic. But it is good and it beats the hell out of reading another scholastic observation of the proverbial "us" from someone safely on the outside. This is an insider's witty perspective. *Anarchist Farm* is a worthy tribute to the chaos and charisma of our movement. It encourages us, if not to recognize our revolutionary potential, to laugh at ourselves along the way.

Look in our new merchandise catalogue (insert) for ordering information.

Eco-Thrillers

BOOK REVIEW BY JUSTIN TIME

One thousand people a day moving into Florida. Swamps dredged and channelized. Hammocks blasted. Islands defoliated. Condos and trailer parks sprouting faster than new Starbuck's outlets. And a huge tourism industry using sex and sun to push for more, more, more.

Into the breach jumps *Los Noches de Deciembre*, a rag-tag group that plans to terrorize tourists and scare their way into depopulating south Florida and returning the land to its native inhabitants.

Making the *Monkey Wrench Gang* seem tame, the "nachos," as the public immediately dubs them, kidnap the head of the Chamber of Commerce and choke him on a rubber alligator, feed a condo-dweller to one of the last North American crocodiles and set out to kidnap the Orange Bowl Queen.

Carl Hiaasen's book, *Tourist Season*, has it all. It's an immensely funny read and a great exposure to the natural history of the giant sand bar known as Florida. Native Floridian Hiaasen, an award-winning columnist for the *Miami Herald*, has produced six novels set against the destruction of Florida's ecosystem. He's a master at the three M's—murder, mayhem and madness—which determine what makes the front page.

In addition to *Tourist Season*, he has written *Striptease* (a much better exposure of Big Sugar than the lame movie adaptation); *Double Whammy*, about a crooked TV evangelist land developer; *Skin Tight*, on the thriving cosmetic surgery industry; *Native Tongue*, where geriatric eco-warriors take on theme parks and golf developments; and *Stormy Weather*, another take on shoddy development.

Hiaasen and James W. Hall have come up with a genre, eco-thrillers, where the battle of good and evil plays across the landscape with bizarre characters, weird situations and the absurdity required to expose the sorry reality of consumer culture.

Read him and laugh. Read him and weep.

SHOWDOWN AT THE OP CORRAL

by poet & mountaineer Richard Hale

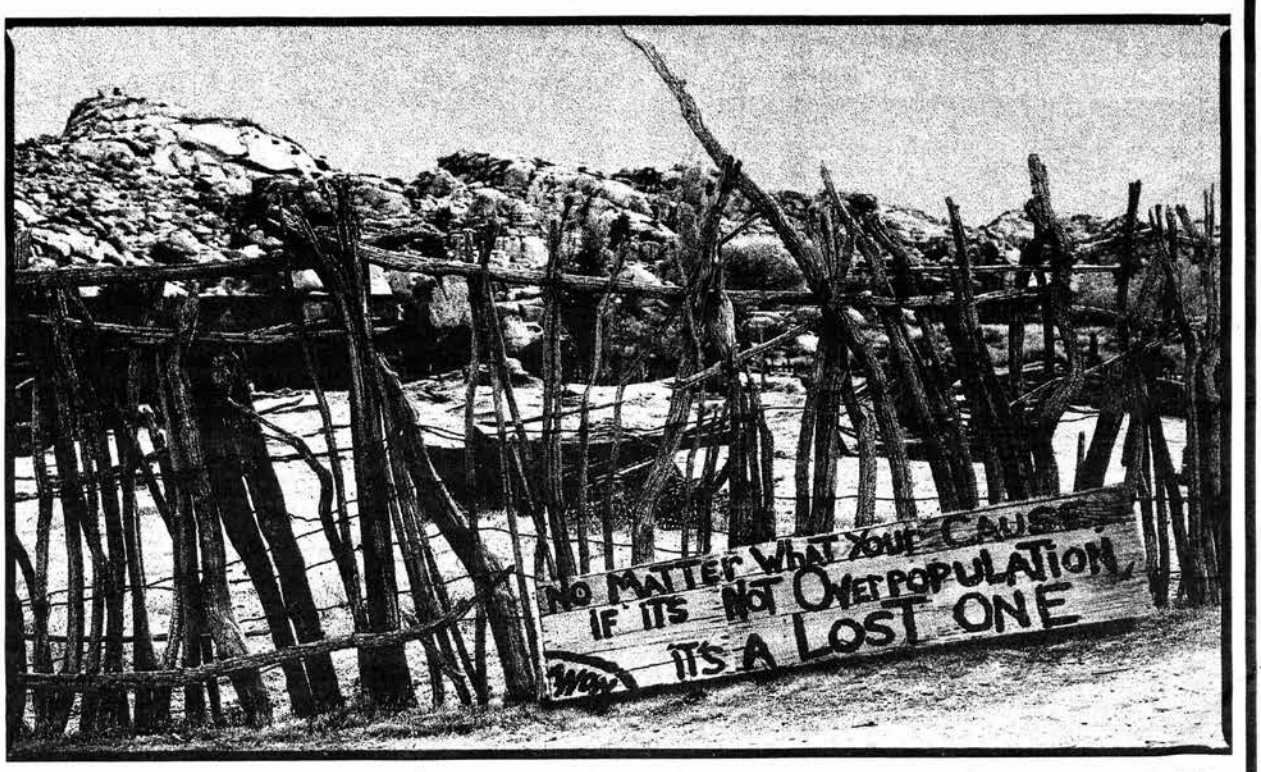
A Satire On Ecological Madness And Political Foolery

It's the year 2000 and the planet-rapers are singing their sick song ever louder:

Weeeeeeeeeeeeee—Love a Return!!!
The profits we make on the chances we take
it's all bottom line but earth-caring we'll fake
There's only one thing we hold dear in our lives
despite what we say to our kids and our wives
The money is King, we revere the Great God
we don't give a damn about saving the sod
The homeless can die, women's rights are a joke
the resource-poor countries can go up in smoke
We'll fly to the moon with the money we made
while solar nuke rays fry the eco-brigade . . . .

and, as usual, the ones who are paying close attention to Earthly devastation are ignored, harassed, threatened and otherwise treated like the enemy when they sing about truth:

THE ECO - DITTY
Ozone Depletion, Global Warming
darn the facts but they just keep on coming
Evvvvery time you turn around you see
a man-made Hell headin' for you and me!
Acid Rain and Greenhouse Gases
is what they're leaving for our lads and lasses
They know that it doesn't make any sense
but, oh, what the heck, it's an inheritance!



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MAINE: THE PULP AND PAPER COLONY

VIDEO REVIEW BY JAMES BARNES

(The Paper Colony, a Documentary by Doug Hawes-Davis, 27 minutes, VHS format, $25)

Beginning with a quotation from Henry Thoreau's novel *The Maine Woods,* Doug Hawes-Davis' latest documentary film, *The Paper Colony,* opens with an aerial view of a clearcut stretching into the horizon. The Maine woods are falling fast to the paper companies, and the surreal shots of borderless devastation are made more creepy by Ned Mudd and Eco-Sonic Band's eerie music. The film's score was recorded in a session where Doug's previous effort, *Southbound,* was played for the musicians with the sound off. *Southbound* is about hardwood chipping and deforestation in the southeast US. The impression of ruin, lies and the betrayed confusion of the people carries over into the music, setting the tone for *The Paper Colony.*

photo © Doug Hawes-Davis

Fellerbuncher chomping away at Dog's creation

Maine's forests are different from those in the western US in an important respect; they are almost all in the hands of "private" corporations. Thus with seemingly untouchable arrogance, the people who run these industries have nearly stripped the state of its trees with little regard for the pusillanimous state regulations that wrap deforestation in a thin tissue of legality. The great forest has fallen in the time of a generation, a generation that has wiped its collective ass on it. And as usual, now the people are desperate for anything, now matter how awful, to make a living.

Folks interviewed in the film know who is responsible—and it isn't their people. Even the employees, weak men filmed in mill town diners, look away cringing as they mutter their support for the industry. Most folks offer disapproval in the insightful speech of the unpoliticized. They aren't *neighbors,* says one woman of the people who devastated the land around her home. Maybe they're not even human, just corporate Borg units—their hearts and brains replaced with legal machinery and financial databases.

A related species that Doug's documentaries illuminate in pallid detail are the bureaucratic undead, who clasp their damp and pulpy fingers together and utter shocking lies. Students of Goebbels, they know their job is to repeat their whoppers like a mantra until you believe them, for lack of ever hearing anything else. In *The Paper Colony,* the Spokesmen for Evil are one Chuck Gadzik, director of the Maine Forest Service, and Ray "Bucky" Owen, director of Maine Inland Fisheries and Wildlife.

"There's not that much clearcutting happening in Maine today," says Chuck as the aerial camera swoops over the barren ground to the forest edge where machines chew at the trees like so many big blue oxen in an overgrazed pasture. He tells us that most guys don't even like being in the icky outdoors; they'd rather mow the spruce down from a "climate-controlled cab where you can listen to the stereo and have a phone there and go home feeling clean and refreshed."

Ray has a more geographical approach: "Clearcutting is part of the landscape," he says, one hundred percent correct. But he's trying to get you to think that clearcuts are fundamental, like the bedrock, and not something that can be altered. In the vision he shares with you, they reach out forever in time as well as space.

The bureaucrats and the company people speak the jargon of scientific management—"studies have been done," "clearcutting is an appropriate tool," "we don't have data to support that." They trot out their regulations and point to the sleek machinery that can pinch off a whole bouquet of trees at a time—"newer equipment that's much more sensitive to environmental issues," if not to the forest. The result is a landscape that looks like a stencil, deforestation punched out in giant block letters.

Doug interviews Mitch Lansky, author of *Beyond the Beauty Strip.* "There's a confusion of high technology with science," he explains. "Highly mechanized equipment [produces] cuts that are more brutal than anything ever dreamed of in the days of axes and oxen. What they're doing isn't scientific forestry because scientific forestry has to take into account ecology."

The Paper Colony is an appropriate title for a documentary on forestry in Maine. It turns out that many members of the state legislature are paid employees of the transnationals which own most of the land. Rarely does one see such overt corporate control in the US. They're usually more sneaky. "Maine is not unique, but is extreme in the degree to which there is industrial domination of the political process," says Lansky. "They're the government and they're right out of industry."

"Sometimes we have to clearcut in order to protect the forest," states Bob Cameron, a Boise-Cascade employee and state representative.

Currently on the ballot for the November election in Maine is an initiative that would ban clearcutting and stringently limit harvest volumes and the area of canopy openings. The initiative is being opposed in an all-out effort by the timber industry, which is saturating the airwaves with relentless propaganda. If you live in Maine, vote for it. No matter where you are, write letters to the editor, op-ed pieces or anything else you can think of to get folks to support this legislation. The Maine Wood, Thoreau's inspiration, deserves no less.

The Paper Colony is an Ecology Center Production. Copies are $25 each postpaid for individuals and nonprofits. For other institutions or for public broadcast, contact Ecology Center Productions at 1519 Cooper St,. Missoula, MT, 59802; (406) 728-5733; fax (406) 728-9432; e-mail: dhd@wildrockies.org.

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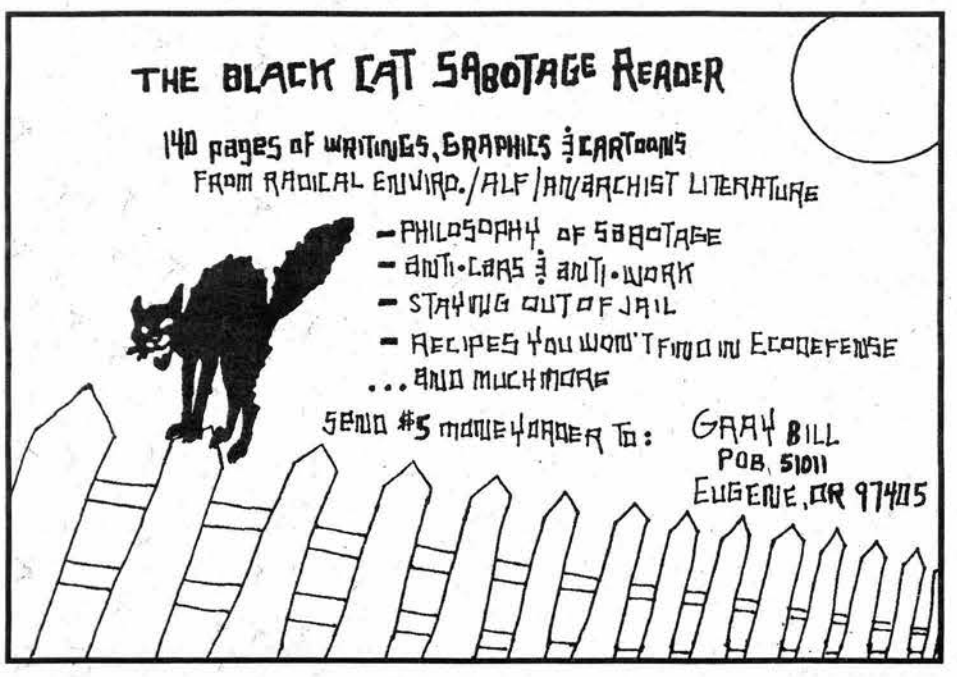
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METHOW RIVER

One

We awoke, tumbling out of sleep the way
a fawn might tumble out of a snow drift
and we began to speak of waters.
I remembered the great horned owl
just across the river,
hearing it the previous night
and nights before.
The bear we saw crossing the river,
running scared through the vine maples
after detecting our human scent.
The way the bear utilized
the spindly skeleton boughs for refuge
and the way I might use them to fashion
a structure or a fire.
I left the river that day,
and I've not returned since.

Two

The day we saw salmon spawning,
finishing their anadramous journey.
They were as long as my arm,
their dorsal fins protruded above the water's surface.
Having come through the locks at Portland
and up the ladders at Bonneville, Umatilla Rapids,
Rocky Reach and Grand Coulee,
we watched these two Chinooks swim the last mile of a
thousand.
A stick I threw into the river once,
remembering how I thought of its own travels to the
ocean.
thinking that it, like me but unlike the salmon
would not return.

Three

The day we cooked a stone killed grouse
over a small, smokeless fire.
The time I spent a feverish and frightening
fourth day of fast,
lying and listening to the water's salubrious sounds.
The evening we all spent planning our sweat lodge,
speaking of food, equality and biology.
Nights we jumped naked into the river after sweating
amidst sage smoke, yarrow tea and other naked,
sweating bodies.
We spoke of all our days by the Methow,
and dreamed of staying there forever.

—Chuck Brushwood

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AND
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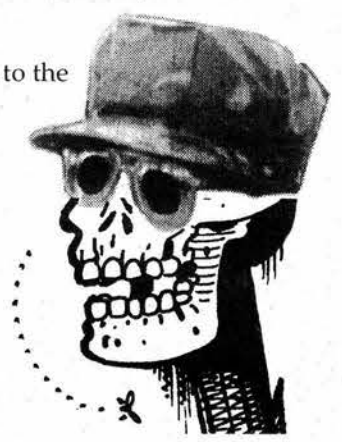

Walking In French Creek, Summer 1996

My knees ache a dull throb and I stop to marvel that they
haven't yet buckled
My attention is diverted though and I stare in gaping awe
of your movement—you are flowing North, you are
running home
And I am still, wincing and pondering pain and fluidity
—
My pack is neatly, though disproportionately, stuffed and
the weight shifts
I am struggling, grumbling when I notice the smell—the
sweet, wet aroma of crushed wild strawberries beneath
my feet
I am laughing, fondling the delicate fruit and forgetting
my tired back
—
Many times, many afternoons, I have filled my belly here,
delighted my tongue with huckleberries,
thimbleberry, whortleberry, water
Many evenings I have dozed in your darkening canyon
walls, lulled through digestion by the rhythmic
dancing of your rapids, your course
—
This time I am weeping amid my folly and I am ashamed
to know through the blasting of dynamite, the scream
of helicopters and saws that I did not fight hard
enough to save you.

—Darryl Echt

TWO DAYS OF RAIN

We've had two days of rain
On this kayaking trip
And we're totally miserable and cold
Island bound, really inconvenienced
Though long ago
People lived quiet well here
With the rain, with the rough waves
Without all the switches of technology.

—Jenny McBride

JULY

Thunder rumbles in the distance.
Summer rains come slowly to this canyon—
the sweet, muddy drops fall first
on the lava capped plateau to the
North.
The desert it quiet
heat—dreamy
save for the song of the cicada
urging along the heat of the
day.

—Jenny Armetta

My first RRR

Armed only with a pack I could barely lift
I arrived at a beautiful place
I met some wonderful people
All were different, yet held by a common thread

The workshops were informative—I got to know more
The swimming was fun—I got to lose some inhibitions
The circles were great—almost everyone was there
The campfires were late—but the music was grand

Someone's little one fell asleep by the fire
I knew it was time for me to go
As a note was left for a friend on the way out
I started looking forward to next year's RRR!

—Marie Morrissey

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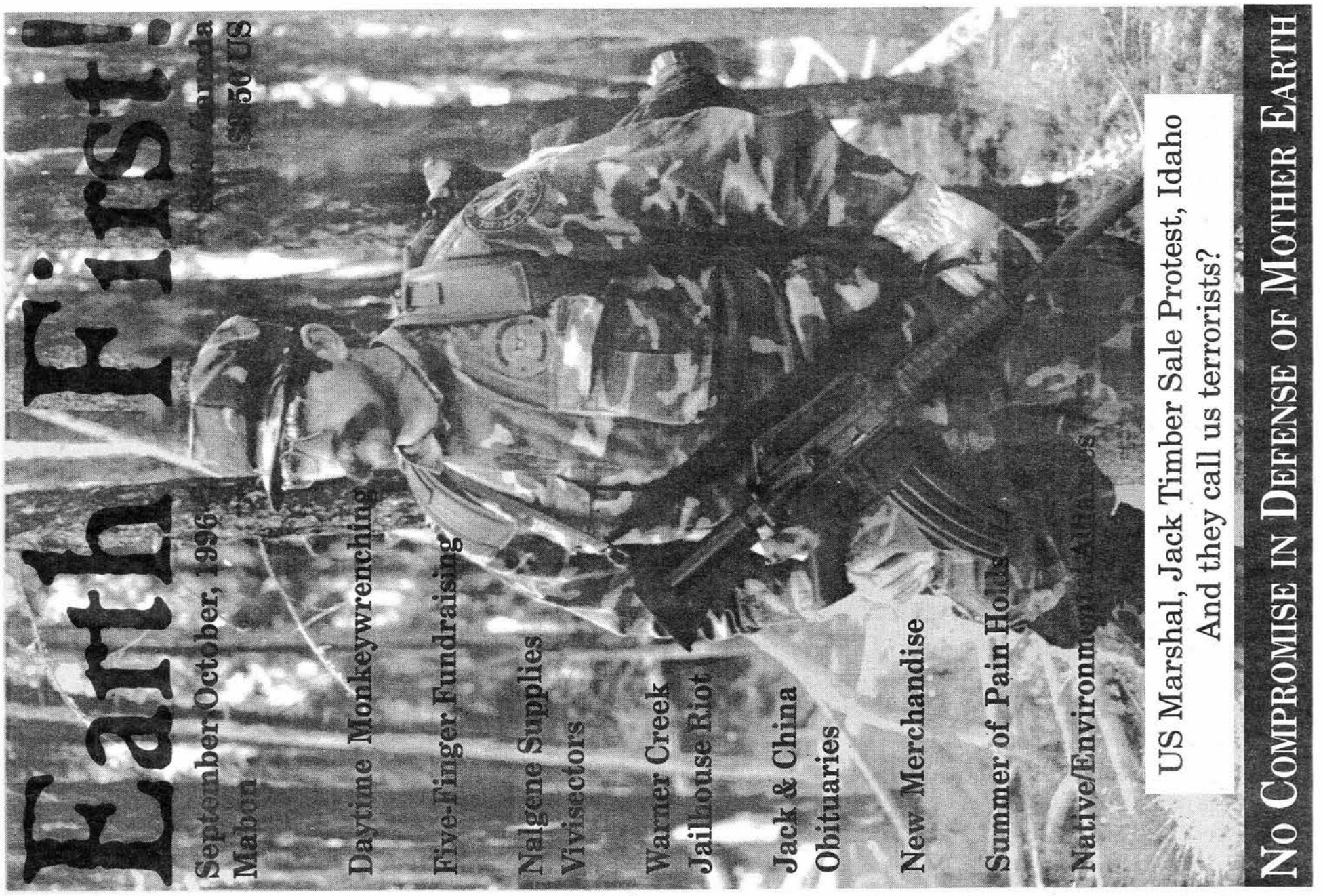

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